

SC 1570
HQ 77
T73

Transvestia



Volume IX

No. 60

Purpose of Transvestia

TRANSVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "other side" and seek to express it. The magazine provides—

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve—

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

in place of the loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

TRANSVESTIA does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the areas of interest of this magazine.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal counseling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.



THE COVER DESIGN

The cover design symbolizes the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides - mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) - the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being - not all masculine - mind and reason, abstract and unseen - and not all feminine - beauty, desirability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"When you make the two one...and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE...then shall you enter the kingdom".


From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

EDITOR
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
LITERARY EDITOR

VIRGINIA PRINCE
MARY NIELSON
SUSANNA VALENTI
SHIELA NILES

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

- 
- 3—It All Began - Leading Lady
 - 27—Satisfaction Guaranteed - Fiction
 - 30—Stupidity - True Story
 - 33—The Way Women Are - Fiction
 - 38—Unexpected Allies
 - 39—Southern Comfort - Article
 - 42—Beware of Virginia - Observations
 - 47—Letters to the Editor
 - 53—Change of Sex and Gender - Editorial
 - 67—Hormones and Surgery - Yes or No - Article
 - 74—Should I ??? - Article
 - 80—Susanna Says - Column
 - 84—On the Move Again - Virgin Views
 - 91—Editorial Emanations
 - 94—Person to Person

Copyright© 1970 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.

VOL. X NO. 60

DECEMBER, 1969



Leading Lady

Marylynn

It All Began

Marylynn 50-M-1 FPE

I was born and raised in the lonely state of Wyoming. When I was four years old, my parents separated; and as the youngest of three children, I was sent to live with my Grandparents. I lived with them for the next thirteen years.

My Grandfather was a hard working, quiet man, whose language when he was provoked was liberally sprinkled with “dag-nab-it” and “con-sarn it”. He rarely used any four letter words. My Grandmother, on the other hand, talked incessantly. Most of the guidance I received, during my “formative years”, came from her. She had extremely firm ideas of morality, sex, religion, politics, right and wrong, drinking, swearing and manhood—to name a few. She never missed an opportunity to tell me that—under all circumstances—I must be a man. ‘Men’ didn’t cry or whimper. ‘Men’ always respected women. ‘Men’ this and ‘Men’ that, etc., etc., yet it was her efforts to form me into the ‘Man’ she thought I should be that backfired and led me into the Wonderful World of Transvestism! Her ‘training’ of me caused me many years of frustration, guilt, fear and anxiety overshadowed, however, by many moments and hours—and occasionally—even days of pleasure as a TV.

We lived on a farm about a mile and a half from town. During the school months, I rode a bus to school, but during the summer months, I rarely went into town except Sundays when we went to church. I wasn’t lonely, though, as I’ve always liked being alone and I had a good dog for a companion. I had a few chores to do, but most of my time was free for playing and getting into mischief.

Nothing much happened to me until I was ten years old, when one little incident changed my whole life. My story really starts here.

One day I was helping G-pa (as I called him) set a new fence post. I was shoveling dirt back into the hole and he was tamping the dirt tight with a double-bitted axe. He accidentally struck my hand with the axe, nearly severing the first two fingers of my left hand. The doctor managed to save my fingers, although they were stiff and numb for a long time after they were healed. That first night, though, I awoke crying from the pain in my hand. G-ma gave me a few words of comfort, told me 'to be a man', that 'Men don't cry from a little pain', and to go back to sleep. The next day the pain was worse and ached all the way up my arm. All day I complained of the pain and spent most of the time whimpering. That afternoon, G-ma took me upstairs to my bedroom. It was a large room that I shared with my older sister when she was home from school. When G-ma ordered me to undress, I was bewildered, but did as she said.

She then informed me that as long as I was acting like a girl, I had to dress like one. She took one of my sister's slips from a drawer and one of her dresses from the closet. I looked at them and begged her not to make me put them on. She won, though, and I found myself wearing girl's clothes for the first time in my life. I cried with shame. She said that as long as I cried I had to wear them. I missed supper that night because I didn't want G-pa to see me like that. I laid on the bed until darkness fell, then undressed and went to bed. I finally fell asleep on a pillow soaked with tears—tears of pain and humiliation.

The next morning, I went down to breakfast dressed in my own clothes—and with the determination that I would never cry again. My hand was badly swollen and discolored. G-pa took me back to the doctor, who cleaned the cuts and re-bandaged my hand. The original bandage was too tight; and with the new bandage, most of the pain was soon gone except for normal soreness.

On the way home, I kept thinking about being dressed as a girl. I was at the age when girls were dirty words and I hated the thought of 'those clothes'. I think I hated my G-ma, too, for forcing me to suffer the torment of dresses. I was more determined than ever never to cry again, because she had found a way to punish me that was far more effective than any other method she had used. She didn't believe in spankings. A good slap, maybe, but no spankings. I didn't know it at the time, but I had entered a world where there was no turning back. I was a Transvestite, although I wouldn't know what I was for several years.

A few days later, I was helping G-pa with some repair work in the barn. It was awkward for me to use a hammer with my bandaged left hand (I'm left handed) and banged my right thumb a good one with the hammer. In spite of my determination not to cry, the tears came. I didn't go near G-ma for help, though, until I was able to stop crying. The next day, I bumped my thumb going out the door and screamed at the sudden flash of pain. My scream startled G-ma so badly she dropped a bowlful of potatoes she was carrying. She glared at me and then did something that shocked me terribly. She grabbed my sore thumb and squeezed it until I cried. Upstairs we went. Again the agony and humiliation of dressing in girl's clothes. I stayed in my room the rest of the day, reading and just looking out the window. Occasionally, I would look down at the dress I had on and blink away tears of mortification. Towards evening, I changed clothes, did my chores and went to supper. All during the meal, G-ma kept calling me a sissy, a girl-boy, a nothing—once in awhile—she even called me 'Betsy'—a name I've hated to this day. I was dreadfully embarrassed, but a ten year old with two sore hands couldn't put up much of a fight, so I took her abuse silently, and with renewed determination that crying was, after all, for girls and not for me.

My hands healed and for a few weeks everything went smoothly with G-ma and me. G-pa had made me a slingshot and I was becoming pretty darned good with it. I would shoot at anything in sight—and when the cats saw me coming, they scurried for cover. One day as I was crossing the barnyard one of G-ma's chickens wandered into the yard. I shot—and hit—it, neatly severing one of it's legs. I quickly killed it and ran behind the barn to bury it. G-ma, though, had heard the squawking and found me in the act of burying it. She flew into a rage, slapped me a couple of times and when I started crying (more from hurting the chicken than from the slap), she marched me off to the bedroom again. This time, though, she just said "You know what to do", and went to clean the chicken so she could fry it for supper. I didn't eat any of it.

I knew what I had to do, so I picked out the first panties and slip I found in the dresser drawer. When I opened the closet door and saw all those dresses hanging there, a feeling I couldn't describe but will never forget came over me. Suddenly, I didn't hate them anymore. I guess, actually, this was the moment when I *really* became a TV. I could hardly breathe and yet I was shivering with excitement as I took off my own clothes and hurriedly put on the panties and slip. The feel of them next to my skin made me blush, but not from embarrassment this time. I slipped the dress over my head and buttoned it up. I looked at the shoes lined up in Sis's closet and wondered if they would fit me. I tried one on

and it did! I put on the other one and stood up. The heels weren't very high, and I didn't have any trouble walking over to the full length mirror hanging on the closet door and dared—for the first time—to see myself dressed a girl. I saw a skinny, gangly, short-haired, awkward looking creature. I hadn't had a haircut for about four months, so my hair was longer than usual. I grabbed a comb and combed it down over my ears. It wasn't much of an improvement! I turned around and there was G-ma glaring at me like I was a freak! She snapped "Come with me", grabbed me and took me downstairs. I sat down at the kitchen table—not knowing what else to do. When she lit the kerosene lamp I had an idea of what was going to happen and I was right! It was her favorite method of heating the curling iron.

All the time she was busy with the curling iron, she was calling me the usual names and bitterly denouncing me as a boy (man) although there was nobody around to hear her—except me—and for some reason, I didn't seem to mind being called a girl. Every hair on my head was tightly curled and my scalp had a few burned spots where the hot iron got too close. She finished and sneered "Go look at yourself now, Betsy." I went back upstairs and looked in the mirror. There was no pattern to the mass of curls I had, but I was thrilled just the same. I ran my fingers over them and shivered with the excitement of having curls. I secretly wished, though, that they could hang clear to my shoulders. I tried to read, but couldn't concentrate long enough to become interested in the story. Every few minutes I'd feel my curls and go look in the mirror again. I tried posing in what I thought were feminine poses. And, of course, I put on several pair of Sis's shoes. I began to realize that dressing as a girl wasn't so bad after all—in fact—I liked it. G-ma forced me to come downstairs to supper still dressed and curled. It took a lot of courage to face my G-pa like that, but he just looked at me and told G-ma "You're ruining the kid". I think I loved my G-pa more at that moment than at anytime during my life. I had expected ridicule and had received instead a smile and understanding. Since the supper 'ordeal' hadn't gone so badly, I ventured out to do the chores still dressed. I wondered what Spot—my dog—thought when he saw me in a dress. I slept with my curls that night, but before breakfast, soaked my head and combed them out.

That summer soon ended, and I went back to school with a proper boy's haircut and some mixed memories of a girl (?) alone in her bedroom.

There were no tears that winter, so I wasn't 'forced' to dress. The next spring a plan began to form in my mind for 'getting even' with G-ma,

and I missed getting my haircut for almost three months before school was out for the summer. When my sister came home from school (she had gone to summer school the year before) G-ma told her about her sissy brother and the way he had acted the summer before. Sis laughed—I thought—at me. I found out later she didn't mean it that way. It was a warm spring day, and after lunch, I asked Sis if she would like to come with me while I got some slingshot rocks. She walked to the gravel bank (about a mile) and I showed Sis which kind of pebbles I wanted. We talked and joked while picking out a couple of pocketsful. On the way home, she asked if she could shoot my slingshot. Boy! She was a better shot than I was. She even clobbered a prairie dog that was dumb enough to stand by his hole while she took three shots to hit him. We laughed and started on back to the house. She put her arm around my shoulders and we walked along that way for awhile. Suddenly, she stopped, turned towards me, looked straight at me and asked if I liked dressing up in her clothes. I couldn't look at her. I stammered around for a moment and finally said that I did. She hugged and kissed me. She took me by the hand and as we walked on home, she asked me if I would dress up for her. I told her that I would if she promised not to laugh at me or call me a sissy. She promised, then I made her promise, too, that she wouldn't say anything to G-ma, as she thought I hated to dress in girl's clothes.

One afternoon, the folks went to town after lunch, and as they drove away, Sis took me by the hand and we went upstairs. As she picked out the clothes for me, she giggled and said I would really look like a girl when she got through with me. I started to take off my clothes, and was suddenly frozen with embarrassment. I blushed as I told Sis I had never undressed in front of her before. She just laughed and said she had changed my diapers many times—so go ahead and get undressed. I was still blushing as I grabbed a pair of panties and put them on just to cover my nakedness. I blushed all over again when she helped me into—of all things—a bra. Then came the garter belt and stockings, the slip and finally the dress and shoes. I still had one more blush coming, though, as she padded the bra with falsies!! I looked down at my nicely contoured figure and headed for the mirror. She grabbed me and said, “Not yet”. We went downstairs and she lit the lamp to heat the curling iron. Sis had had some training as a hairdresser, and when the iron was ready, she smiled and went to work on my hair. I sat patiently as she marcelled my hair. When she finished I started for the mirror again and once more she said “Not yet”. She applied some makeup and lipstick before she finally said “Now”. I ran upstairs and stood staring at me for several minutes. Although my hair was still short, it now lay in

deep, pretty waves; my bust protruded just like a girl's and I thought I looked very feminine with my brown wavy hair, brown eyes, red lips and girlish figure. I couldn't help myself—I started to cry—with joy, this time, however. Sis dried my eyes and repaired the mascara I had ruined with tears. She looked at me a long time and then asked if I liked what I saw. I replied, "Yes, Sis, I do, and thank you for the happiest moment of my life." Then we both sat down on the edge of the bed and cried. I was happy; and although she had two brothers, I didn't know until that afternoon that she wanted—very badly—a sister. I vowed that I would try to be one to her. That afternoon remained until this writing "our secret". I was cleaned up and a boy again before our Grandparents returned from town. If some mad scientist had advertised for volunteers for a sex change, I believe I would have been first in line. Not so now, but at that time, I wanted so desperately to be a girl.

About the only thing that would keep G-ma from going to Church was a road blocked by deep snowdrifts. And it was around this devoutness of hers that my plan for getting even developed. I told Sis my plan and she agreed to help me all she could.

I hadn't had any bad arguments with G-ma that summer, so one day I deliberately picked one and kept it up until she hit me on the head with a large spoon. I cried and carried on until she marched me upstairs again. Sis was there and she told her that I had to dress in girl's clothes again until I got over being such a sissy. Sis winked at me and said she didn't want to see her sissy brother in a dress and went downstairs. G-ma threw a dress at me. I put it on, then she grabbed me and took me downstairs to show my sister what a sissified boy I was. I was putting on an act of hating every minutes of it—and I think G-ma enjoyed my 'embarrassment'. Sis joined in the ridicule, but I knew she didn't mean it. I changed clothes again before supper.

That summer, too, came to a close, and the last Sunday before school started was to be my "D-Day" of revenge. The closer the day came, the more mixed up I became. I was thrilled and excited at the thought of dressing for myself, yet I was afraid of what my Grandparents would do or say when they saw me. I almost chickened out, but Sis reassured me she would help and would back me up. My hair had grown a little longer, and Sis said she could do a much better job than before when she marcelled it.

We arose early that Sunday morning. I hurried through my chores and barely touched my breakfast. I was too excited and in a hurry to get dressed for church. I'll never forget the outfit Sis selected for me. It was

Marylynn 50-M-1 FPE



To the hairdresser
and shopping



Home again with
Curls and other goodies.



"It was a hard day"

a pale yellow dress with a pleated skirt, white shoes and purse, white gloves and a yellow and white hat. The shoes had heels about an inch high. I was so thrilled that I could hardly fasten anything and Sis finally came to my rescue. When I was dressed, she looked at me and quietly whistled at me. I giggled and sat down so she could marcel my hair; then she expertly applied the makeup and I was ready for church. I thought I looked at least a sophisticated seventeen and told her so. I also told her I thought my hair was much too pretty to hide under a hat, but she assured me that ladies always wore hats when they were properly dressed up. I sighed and let her put it on me. By the time she finished dressing, it was time to go. We looked at each other and she hugged me.

I took a deep breath, another peek in the mirror and went downstairs ahead of her. My Grandparents were waiting for us in the living room. G-ma always kept the window shades drawn in there to help keep it cool, so it was also a bit dark. As I walked in, G-ma looked at me and said, "G——, where's the sissy?" I smiled and said, "I'm the sissy". She looked again and let a shriek out of her I'm sure the townfolks heard. She yelled at me and raised her fist as if to strike me. She called me all sorts of names and I just stood there until she ran out of things to call me. G-pa only said, "You make a nice looking girl, but that is hardly the right thing for a boy to wear to church. Don't you think you'd better go change clothes and wash your face again?" G-ma started in on me again and when she stopped for breath, I said, "Well, you started this by making me wear dresses last summer. I like to dress this way, and I'm going to spend the rest of my life as a girl. If we are going to church, let's go." G-ma screamed that she would never be seen with me dressed like that in public. We didn't get to church that Sunday.

After the tumult died down, G-pa said that I was a little young to decide what kind of a life I wanted, but if I made up my mind to be a girl, then I had better damn sure be a good one. I told him my mind was made up and that I was going to be a girl the rest of my life. G-ma even raised cain with Sis for helping me. Sis took some pictures of me, but before the roll was completed, her camera was stolen and we never got to see them. I spent the rest of the day dressed, being very careful not to soil 'my' dress. After all, it was my 'Sunday Best' dress. G-ma was so mad she wouldn't even speak to me the rest of the day—which gave my ears a little rest. Years later G-ma and I laughed about it—but not that day. That night Sis and I agreed that we had taught G-ma a lesson she would never forget.

The next morning, I asked Sis if I could wear one of her blouses and a skirt—as I wanted to make G-ma think that I had meant what I said. Actually, I just wanted to prolong being a girl as long as I could. As I combed my hair, I was very pleased to see that the waves were still as deep and pretty as they had been the day before. We went down to breakfast and G-ma merely scoffed when she saw me. After breakfast I did the chores and returned to the house.

G-pa took me into the living room and closed the door. This was the first time he had ever done that with me, and I was a little frightened because I didn't know what was going to happen to me. He told me to sit down, then he sat down and looked at me for a long time. Finally, he asked me if I were serious about being a girl the rest of my life. I told him I wasn't, that I had done this just to get even with G-ma for making me dress like that in the first place. I also told him that I had been born a boy and would have to live my life as a man. Then, he asked me if I enjoyed dressing in girl's clothes. I couldn't keep back the tears as I told him that I did. He got up, came over to me and kissed me on the cheek. It was the only kiss he ever gave me, and my heart almost burst with love for him. As he reached the door, he told me to go change clothes and get ready to go to town with him. I changed, soaked my head and combed out the waves. In town, I got a very short haircut and some new clothes for school.

Sis left again for college, and G-pa moved me into the spare downstairs bedroom—I think—just to remove me from temptation as much as possible. That winter passed slowly, and many times I dreamed of that Sunday and longed for the feel of feminine things next to my skin. I don't know why I wandered into the attic one Saturday afternoon, but I did. I was just looking around and I discovered a box with my name on it. I quickly opened it and almost cried when I saw the contents—it was the yellow outfit I had worn for one whole day. I held the dress next to me and thanked Sis for the gift. I kept the dress in the box—and in the attic—so G-ma wouldn't find it. I used to sneak into the attic and hold the dress to me and wish fervently that I could wear it again and again.

I didn't know it, but I had spent my last summer on the farm. Mother had remarried, and her rancher husband thought it would be a good idea if my brother and I started learning the cattle business. So, at the age of twelve, I started taking my place in a man's world. We arose with the rest of the men, worked all day with them, did extra chores and helped Mother with her work. I was too tired at night to even think about any

girl—let alone being one myself. My step-father didn't want to be criticized by the men for showing any partiality, so my brother and I were always given the dirty, mean jobs to do around the ranch—and it was a big one—almost 50,000⁺ acres. For example, when I was thirteen, F—taught me to stack hay the way he wanted it stacked, and I spent the rest of the haying season on top of hay stacks 12 feet wide, 24 feet high and as long as the hay yards required—some of them about 110 feet long. Quite a responsibility for a 13 year old boy. I also rode over eighty miles in two and a half days to another ranch just to pick up two horses that had strayed over there. I was also two and a half days back.

G-pa died suddenly that summer when I was thirteen, and G-ma moved into town shortly after that. I was to work on the ranch during the summers and live with her in the wintertimes to go to school. Living in town, I quickly made friends (with people I had known all my life) and became too busy studying and having fun to do more than think once in a while about dressing. But I did find time to secretly envy the girls with their pretty clothes and long hair.

During my Junior year of High School, we decided to put on a comedy for our Class Play. One part in the play I particularly wanted—the part of the boy posing as a girl. I tried out for two parts, then privately told the director (who was also my English teacher) that I was a natural for the boy/girl part as I had been forced to wear dresses as punishment and felt comfortable in them. She laughed and told me that as I had been the only volunteer, I had the part. I thanked her and after school, rushed home, dug my dress box out of the trunk and tried on the dress. Fortunately, I hadn't grown too much and it still fit!!! My feet had grown so much, though, that I couldn't even force my feet into the shoes. I was bitterly disappointed.

The next morning, I told Miss K—, the director, that I couldn't find a pair of girl's shoes to fit me. She looked at my feet and asked me to drop by her apartment that evening. I did, and she and her roommate soon had me wobbling around in a pair of high heels. She told me to take them and practice wearing them every chance I could. Learning my lines for the play was far easier than learning to walk properly in those heels. G-ma, of course, was quite unhappy to think I couldn't get the 'male' lead in the play. I couldn't explain, either, that I *was* the male lead.

That play was one of the high lights of my life—as any TV would understand. As a joke I suggested that just my initials appear on the program—then talked the typist into putting me as “-- -- ‘Marylynn’ ———”. I

was, of course, 'appropriately' angry when I saw the goof on the Programs.

Except for the first few minutes of the first act when I wore male clothing, I appeared as a girl for the rest of the play—even in the closing minutes when I was 'discovered' as a boy by having to lose my wig. I wore three different ensembles during the play and each one gave me a separate thrill. And that wig—it was long, dark brown and wavy—I loved every minute I was wearing it. Rehearsals were finally over and we were ready for the matinee. I was pretty nervous the first time I appeared in a dress, but I soon calmed down and the matinee was a success. The evening performance went very well, too, and I became more confident of my appearance as the evening progressed. Later, several adults told me they thought a real girl had been substituted until my wig came off in the last act.

There was to be a school party following the play, and after the curtain calls, my girl friend asked me if I were going to change clothes before going to the party. I hesitated a moment, then asked her if she minded if I went dressed as I was. She said she didn't, so away we went. Some of the Senior boys started giving me a bad time, but I told them I was staying in costume as advertising for the play—which we were to put on in a neighboring, larger town in an effort to raise more money.

The next night's performance was such a success that we were "held over" for two more nights. So, I enjoyed two more nights of dressing and wearing that lovely wig. Cinderella finally had to turn back into a pumpkin—I mean—boy and take up life again as a male. For months, though, I had only to close my eyes and I could feel that long, lovely hair brush my cheeks and neck.

To back track just a little, before the play opened, I had one thrill that caused a lot of laughter and quite some embarrassment. The day before the play was to open, the school had decided—as a publicity stunt—to have a "legs" contest, since the play was about a beauty contest. The contest was open to all high school girls. Miss K—thought it would be fun if I secretly entered the contest. Just before it started, I slipped out, put on my stockings and heels, rolled up my pants legs and got in line with the girls. The stage curtain was raised to knee height and the judging began. The judges were a member of the School Board, the Postmaster and the mother of my GG. The legs were eliminated until the three finalists remained. I was amazed that I was still in the contest. A senior girl won first place, I took second and my girl friend took third. The curtain was raised—and the highly embarrassed judges could only join in the laughter that rocked the auditorium when they saw *me* with the two girls!

I suddenly started growing! I shot up from a nice 5'5" to a long, awkward 6'1½". I was horrified at the thought of being so darned tall. I didn't want to be a six foot girl—but the coaches were happy. I went out for sports, but I was never better than second team in basketball—but I made Honorable Mention All State Center in Football my Senior year.

After graduating, I went to work for a construction company building highways; and when I was eighteen, joined the Marine Corps. The 8½ years I put in the Corps were rewarding ones for me. I traveled to China and back before WWII started. Altogether, I spent a total of 59 months overseas (25 in the Pacific during the war). I liked the Marines and decided to make a career of it. I married and we had a son. As my enlistment drew to a close, my wife asked me again for the umpteenth time if I were going to reenlist. When I told her I was, she informed me that she had no intentions of following me all over the world for the next 12 years and that if I did reenlist she would divorce me. I didn't reenlist but she divorced me anyway. But damn her, she waited 92 days so I couldn't reenlist with my rank of First Sergeant. I'm still a little bitter about that.

During those years in the Corps, I didn't dress. Once in awhile I would get the urge, but something always happened to help me keep it under control. When stationed in San Francisco after the war, though, the old desires came on pretty strong at times. I'd walk through the large Department Stores admiring the dresses—and envying the woman I saw buying the dress that I would have picked out for myself. My wife didn't know, at this time, that I was a TV.

After my discharge and divorce, I returned home to Wyoming and took a job with another construction company—again building highways. This job was up in the mountains in the west end of the State. I was able, however, to put some of my Marine Corps demolition training to use as we had many thousands of yards of rocks to be blasted away. Late in August, though, a premature blast almost blew my head off. I was lowering a 'primer stick' (a stick of dynamite with a blasting cap in it) down a shallow hole when it exploded without reason. I was rushed to the local hospital for emergency treatment and then transferred to a hospital in Denver. Both arms, my face and neck suffered first and second degree burns as well as being cut and torn by the flying rocks. The only permanent injuries were the loss of my left eye and some disability to my left arm.

As soon as I was able to travel, ol' Scarface went to the Mayo Clinic and spent twenty long weeks undergoing plastic surgery. They did a good job rebuilding my face—which had had over 45 stitches in it. While at the Clinic I started dressing again.

There was always a shortage of hospital beds; so the morning following an operation, I was moved from the hospital back into my hotel room. I had nothing to do then for a week until I entered the hospital for the next operation. Many people were walking around Rochester with their heads or faces bandaged, so I didn't feel a bit conspicuous walking around the same way. But time passed very slowly.

The urge to dress was becoming stronger every day, so one day I just walked into a store and purchased a skirt and blouse—to another one for all my underthings—to a drug store for cosmetics—and finally to a shoe outlet store that specialized in odd sizes where I obtained a pair of black high heels and returned to my hotel room with all my goodies. I showered and shaved and spent the most pleasurable afternoon I had had in a long, long time. I realized, though, that something was missing, and looking in the mirror confirmed my suspicions—I lacked hair.

The next morning I boarded a train for Chicago to visit my aunt and cousin. I stayed overnight with them and told them my train left almost three hours earlier than it really did, so I would have time for a little shopping. A quick look in the yellow pages helped me locate a wig shop not far from the train station. The clerk was very helpful and offered several suggestions about color and styles. I knew what I wanted, though, and selected one as close to the one I had worn in the class play as I could remember. As I was leaving the shop, she smiled and said, "I hope you enjoy wearing your wig." I asked her what made her think it was for me? She laughed and said, "No man would ignore the modern styles if it were for his wife." I said, "O.K., believe what you want to," and returned to Rochester.

Usually, the day following an operation, I didn't feel too well, so I would spend most of the day in bed. After that, though, I was rarin' to go. My routine mostly went like this: I'd get up, shower and shave and go out for breakfast. I'd return to the hotel and change into my finery. Late in the afternoon, I'd change back again, go out to eat, come back and change again and lounge around the hotel room reading or listening to the radio. Once in a while, I'd go to a movie after eating. I had a strong desire to just walk around town, but I was too self-conscious of my height—almost 6'4" in heels; so I went back to the shoe outlet and bought a pair of flats. That evening, I dressed and applied makeup to that part

of my face that wasn't bandaged, took a deep breath, prayed that I wouldn't meet someone in the hallway and left my room. The Gods were kind to me as I didn't see a soul in the hall or in the elevator. I slipped out the side entrance and walked around the block just to get the feel of myself and to observe people I passed on the street. Some ignored me and others gave me an odd look. And no wonder—it was late November, night, and the weather was quite chilly—and I had no coat. It was Friday evening and some of the stores were open, so that oversight was quickly remedied. I walked into one store, found the coat rack, selected one, paid for it and left without uttering a sound. The saleslady was very sympathetic and discreet. When she first approached me, I pointed to the scar on my throat, smiled and nodded yes when she asked if she could help me. During the short transaction, though, she called me 'Ma'm' and 'sweetie' several times. The coat made all the difference in the world, not only was I warm, but I noticed most people would just glance at me and then pay me no more attention.

I realized I was also hungry and walked into a small diner and sat down in a booth. The waitress, too, was understanding, especially when I wrote out my order for dinner. She asked if I had been injured in an accident. Truthfully, I nodded 'yes' and pointed to the scar on my throat. She smiled and patted me on the shoulder. She was careful to ask me only questions that could be answered with a nod; but as time permitted, she talked to me about everything—the weather, the town, her husband and kids, etc. I told her by note that I would probably get my voice back, but that it would require several operations. From then on, I took all my meals there when I was dressed. She was so darned nice to me that I disliked fooling her—if I really did. It was still fairly early when I finished eating that first evening, so I decided to take in a movie. I don't recall the name of the movie, but there were two men in it dressed as women that staged a robbery—of all places—in the ladies lounge of a night club. I think most people would have been fooled if they hadn't removed their wigs in the getaway car!

Almost every evening after that, I dressed and went out. Sometimes just to eat and other times to a movie or to take a walk. I became quite bold as time—and I—passed. I had purchased two dresses and another pair of shoes as well as another coat just to round out my wardrobe. I no longer sneaked out the side entrance—but boldly walked by the desk as I used the front entrance. I smiled every time the doorman opened the door for me—something he didn't do when I was dressed in male attire. One little incident spooked me a little, and yet helped build my self-confidence considerably. One evening, the manager called my room



More of Marylynn



and said he would appreciate it if I didn't bring any more women to my room. I assured him I wouldn't and resolved to be a little more careful coming and going (via the side entrance) in the future.

The doctors were finally finished with me and I returned home to Wyoming and a normal (?) life. I was still unable to work, so I took a trip to California to see my son and ex-wife. We had a long discussion about us and we decided to try it again. She followed me back to Wyoming and we were remarried. The following spring, we moved back to the Bay Area and I entered the University. When we were packing to move, T— noticed that I was packing some dresses in my trunk and asked what they were. I told her and we had a long discussion about TVism. Neither of us knew anything about the subject, but we at least tried to find a solution. She found some books in the Library, but they didn't help much, as most of the information was about homosexuals—of which I most emphatically and definitely an *NOT!* She didn't like my TVism, but said no more about it at the time. T— couldn't tolerate my dressing, so I did very little of it. Only when alone and for very short periods. T— was an RN, and made an appointment with a Psychiatrist for me. I kept the appointment and we had a nice chat. When the subject of TVism came up, I told him I liked dressing, but I didn't think I was hurting anybody else by my actions and that I didn't feel that I had a mental problem about it. Surprisingly, he mostly agreed with me. He didn't offer much advice as to how I should live with myself, but only cautioned me not to let my dressing "get out of hand." I thanked him, shook hands with him and left. I wish I could remember his name—I'd send him some literature now—so that maybe he could help some other TV understand him/herself. Anyway, I've often wondered who paid for my visit—I know I didn't. When I told T— what the good doctor had told me, she thought we were both crazy. She left me again shortly after that. My grades went to pot, so I dropped out of school and moved to Fresno.

In Fresno, I met another RN, whom I shall call "Millie". I took a chance one evening and told Millie that I was a TV. She couldn't believe that I was until I dressed for her. We had some long talks about it. She couldn't understand why I liked to dress, but she never teased or ridiculed me. After the initial shock of seeing me dressed, she giggled a little and said, "You're—BIG—but kinda cute." As our relationship progressed, she started helping me by showing me a few makeup tricks; and as she was a fairly tall girl let me wear some of her clothes—which, in effect—gave me an expanded wardrobe. Millie was the homebody type and we spent several evenings a week at her apartment or my room. I liked Millie, and there was never any hanky-panky between us.

On my birthday, when I got home from work, there was a note from Millie telling me to 'hurry over for dinner'. I rushed over to her place and received a big Birthday Kiss. She then told me she had laid out some clothes for me and to hurry and dress for dinner. I showered and started to dress. She had laid out a very pretty black velvet dress. I put it on and turned around to get my wig—and received the surprise of the century! There on the wig stand was a beautiful *blonde* wig instead of my brown one!! Millie burst through the door laughing at my shout of joy and asked me how I liked it. How does one like a million dollars? My hands were shaking so badly I could hardly put on my lipstick, so Millie helped me with the paint and powder. I thanked her again and again for the surprise and dinner. I became concerned about the wig, though, as I knew it was an expensive one. Millie informed me that it was only rented and would have to be returned in a month. I felt better, and yet, I was disappointed that the wig wasn't mine to keep. As we were clearing the dinner dishes, Millie mentioned that it was 'Ladies Night' at the Drive-In Movie, and if I had courage enough to go dressed, she could get two free dishes instead of one. I said "Let's go", and we both enjoyed the movie. For three months after that, we never missed a 'Ladies Night'.

One evening I picked up the paper while Millie was finishing the dishes and there on the front page was a picture of my old Commanding Officer—and he was in serious trouble in Korea. I argued with myself for two days, and finally told Millie I was going to help him out. She had lost a brother in WWII, and was afraid the same thing would happen to me. We had quite an argument—especially after she told me that I had done enough for my country. The atmosphere was pretty cool as I packed to go to San Francisco the next day. I passed the physical with flying colors—and by cheating just a little—had 20-20 vision in BOTH eyes! Then the doctor looked into my eyes with a flashlight. He studied my left eye for a minute and said, "Son, if that eye would dilate, you'd be in. Go put your clothes on, we can't take you." I offered to sign a waiver, but was turned down on that, too.

I was slightly crestfallen as I returned to Fresno, but I had the satisfaction of at least trying to help. I guess the bitter argument with Millie had driven a wedge between us that couldn't be removed. She couldn't understand why I was so darned anxious to go fight a war. I couldn't adequately explain the esprit de corps the Marines instill in a man. We parted company shortly after this, and I moved back to the Bay Area. Millie had helped me pack as she claimed I couldn't pack the dresses without wrinkling them. When I unpacked, I almost moved back to Fresno and to Millie. Among my own femme things was one of her

suits—a beige one I liked very much—my black birthday dress and the blonde wig (which she hadn't rented, after all). I called her and tried to patch up our differences, but she stood firm and so Millie was tucked away in my book of fond memories.

I ran into her brother a few years later, and he told me Millie had married—are you ready?—an Army Captain!!

I worked at several odd jobs for a few months, and then obtained a job with the company that still gives me my pay check. I moved from the Peninsula to the East Bay Area.

I remained a bachelor for several years, dating girls (GG type) and quietly searching for companionship of my own nature. I knew something was missing from my life, but I didn't know how to locate any other TV's; and some of the girls I dated became rather nasty when they found out I was a TV. There was one girl that I met who understood and let me dress around her. We became very friendly.

Most of the time, I dressed as I pleased around home; mostly on weekends when I did my 'housewifing'. On Saturday morning, I'd put on a skirt and blouse, flats, makeup, and tie a scarf around my pinned up wig and do my housework—cleaning, dusting, washing,—the whole bit. That evening I'd bathe and shave very close, dress more formally and lounge around watching TV or reading. When L— would come by, we'd talk over coffee or perhaps a little beer. In some ways it was a lonely life—but I was rarely lonesome.

I dressed in public only on Halloween—for parties. The mother of a friend of mine was an excellent seamstress and she made several lovely dresses for me. She wouldn't charge me for her work, so when I'd buy the material, etc. for my new dress, I'd always get enough so she would have enough to make herself a new one, too. She always insisted that I wore complete undergarments for the fittings—and I'd feel like a Saks model when my new dress was ready.

At one Halloween party, someone suggested that we go to a nearby nightclub and dance. All 20 of us piled into cars and invaded the place. We created quite a stir when we barged in, but we had a Ball! As L— and I danced by one table, I heard one lady comment as she looked at me, "I tell you, she *has* to be a woman, even if she is as big as a cow—NO man could dance like that in those *heels*!" L— and I laughed and she dared me to dance with her. When the music started, I walked over to

her table and held out my beautifully manicured hand. She looked startled, then laughed and we danced away. She kept asking me questions, but I just pointed to my little scar on my throat and smiled. We stayed at the club for over an hour and then went back to the house party. I wonder if that puzzled little lady ever made up her mind about me.

L—'s ex-husband convinced her that they belonged together, and L—, like Millie was tucked away in my scrapbook of memories.

At one of the office Christmas parties, I met my present wife N—. During our dating period, I tried to tell her about myself, but she didn't want to hear about it. Every time I started to talk about it, she would brush it off with a casual "Your past is your own." I simply couldn't make her see how my being a TV would seriously affect our lives. One evening, though, I was determined that she would know what I was; so, with no other build up, I simply told her that I was a Transvestite. She asked, "What's that?" I explained to her as best I could and offered to dress for her. She cut me off with "Don't ever wear those clothes in my presence," and changed the subject. I was frustrated, but at least, I had tried. As with Judy in TVia No. 48, I had a choice to make, and chose N—. My clothes were packed away in a trunk and locked.

We had been married only a very short time before the arguments started. I didn't talk, act, eat or anything else right as far as she was concerned. Then she started asking questions about what was in the trunk. This time I became stubborn and told her that it was none of her business—it contained personal belongings and to leave it alone.

I came home from work one evening and was met at the door by one extremely angry, shouting, cursing wife. She called me all sort of names—none of them complimentary! She ran the course of names all the way from hypocrite to fairy. I tried to control myself since I hadn't learned the reason for her outburst. When I did find out I lost my temper too, and one of the bitterest fights we've ever had followed. There in the middle of the spare bedroom stood my trunk—open and empty. She had forced the lock and then proceeded to burn everything in the incinerator. The arguments over this continued for three nights before we could sit down and discuss it calmly. Her curiosity had gotten the best of her and she just had to open the trunk. She claimed that she had had no idea that I had such a wardrobe and the shock of seeing all those women's clothes were just too much for her and she had to destroy them. I reminded her that I had tried to explain and show her what I was. She wasn't buying any, though, thank you; and to this day, she still feels

that I am a queer. She destroyed a part of me when she destroyed my clothes—and I was never able to completely forgive her for that. Incidentally, *that* was the only purge I've ever had—and I had nothing to do with it. True, I've gotten rid of clothes down through the years—but that was due to a normal transition of fashions—cast off the old and acquire new.

That house contained so many unhappy memories we sold it and moved to another town to try to erase some of the hurts we had inflicted on each other.

In 1960, I was transferred back to Wyoming to help build a new mine and beneficiating plant. After construction, I stayed on in the operating department as a supervisor. Our private lives, though, didn't improve, and we started discussing divorce. Before we could firm up divorce plans, though, N— suffered a mental breakdown and spent several months in the State Hospital. When she came home, she seemed more like her old self than she had for a long time, and for over two years, everything was sweet and lovely with us. I must say this so it will fit in with the rest of my story—during the course of our marriage she had gone from a size 12 to 20 and back again. Also, since she didn't like the shorter hemlines, she continued to buy 16's and 18's for the added length—even if the rest of the dress did fit her like a tent. On with my story. (I wear a 16T—get it?).

As it does every year, the Halloween masquerade dance came along. I asked N— if she would like to go. She said yes and then asked me what I was going to wear. I told her I was undecided and she replied. "I'm sure that one of my dresses will fit you if you can come up with everything else." I asked her if she was sure that she didn't mind if I dressed. She said, "No, maybe it will help get it out of your system." I never bothered to tell her that it would never be out of my system. I borrowed a blonde wig and made preparations for the dance. I borrowed everything else except the shoes from N—. I had managed to buy a pair that would fit.

I don't believe N— enjoyed the dance too much, but I had a marvelous time. I don't believe anybody at the dance knew what a glorious time I was having. When I returned the wig to its proper owner the next day, she told me that I was actually glowing with happiness (and a little booze).

The dance tipped the scales for me, and I bought a cheap wig and smuggled it home. I could rarely wear it, and then only for minutes at a time—but I was now embarked on the slow road to — for me at least—‘recovery’. N—’s mental condition was slowly deteriorating and her mental problems came back again stronger than ever. She found my wig one day and she became almost impossible to live with.

One evening when I was working the swing shift, the local hospital called to tell me the police were bringing her in. The mine is 30 miles from town, but it was only 45 minutes from the time I got the call until I was at the hospital—that included the time it took to ‘step up’ the crew to cover my absence, change clothes, arrange for a ride to town and to get there. The doctor had given N— a shot to calm her down and had sent her home. She was sitting in the kitchen drinking coffee when I came in. I could tell her nerves were about to explode, so as calmly as I could, I asked her what was wrong. She said she had a problem that was bugging her and had called the police for help. They had taken one look at her and had called the doctor. The doctor agreed when she said she didn’t want to stay in the hospital—she had done over \$300 damage to the room the first time she was there and he had suggested that she should go to the State Hospital for help. (That was before her first trip there). Over coffee, she told me that she wanted to go back to the State Hospital because that was where she belonged. I figured she would change her mind in the morning, so I suggested we get some sleep and would leave after breakfast. “NO,” she said, “I want to go NOW!” so I called the Hospital and the duty doctor told me to bring her in. We packed a few clothes and left about midnight. It is about 225 miles down there, and about 10 miles from there, she said, “I’ve changed my mind. I don’t want to go in, let’s go home.” I told her they were expecting us, but that we would abide by the doctor’s decision—if he wanted her to stay—she stayed or she could come home if he felt she didn’t need hospitalization.

During the admission interview, the doctor asked her what the problem was that had been bugging her so hard. She told him, and then blurted out, “My husband is a female impersonator—a Transvestite—a Queer. He doesn’t like sex, he’s a homosexual—he needs help more than I do.” The doctor then told her that his primary concern was *her* problem—after she was helped, then he would worry about me.

After she had been taken to the Receiving Ward, the Dr. asked me to have a cup of coffee with him. He told me that when a patient was in such a state as she was, they didn’t believe anything the patient told them. I asked him if it would help if I told him which of her statements

were true or false. He said it would help, so we went over the list of things she had said. When we came to the part about me, I told him that I was a TV, but not a HS. I do like sex—but not with her. He told me I was pretty brave to admit such a thing about myself in the State Hospital. I told him hospitalization wouldn't help me—that I liked being a TV. I finished my coffee and we talked for a few minutes about N—. I left for home, and it was just under 30 hours without sleep when I finally got to bed.

During one of my visits to N—, she told me they had discussed me in one of their therapy classes and the social worker directing the class was all for getting me admitted to the Hospital for help. He even went so far as to approach the Superintendent about it. According to N—, the Supt. advised against it unless I continued to 'make trouble' for her.

It was about this time that I discovered Virginia's article in *The National Insider* and before long I was reading my first copy of *Transvestia*. I wish I had discovered it with No. 1. I purchased "The TV and His Wife." Back copies of *TVia* and the *Wife* book have helped me tremendously.

I was determined to try to save my marriage when N— was released. But she would have to learn to accept me for what I am; and I hoped she would learn something from the library of *TVia*'s and the *Wife* book. Just in case we couldn't, though, I dressed every possible minute; just to store up memories. If we couldn't agree, then divorce would be the only action left.

N— was released after six months; but her personality and attitude was never the same as it had been before. She kept insisting that I had put her in the Hospital just to get her out of the way. She conveniently forgot that it was her idea to go back.

About 8 months after she had come home, I'd had it and this time, I was the one who insisted she go back. She has been there almost a year this time and the Hospital feels she will be there a long time yet—that she doesn't want to get well—knowing she is facing a divorce when she is released.

So, I am attempting to proceed with the divorce while she is still a patient. It is a long, hard, expensive way to go about it, but I want to be free and time is slipping away from me. I'm going on 50 years old, and Marylynn would like to grow old gracefully—fighting old age every damned inch of the way.

As I close my story, there have been times during my life when I didn't understand myself and would have taken any cure to be rid of the terrible malady I had. With TVia and the Wives book, however, I have found myself and am happy and at peace with Marylynn. Let me say this, "God Bless You, Virginia, Mary, Fran, Susanna and the rest of you who have worked so hard and long to bring solace, peace and happiness to hundreds of us girls."

* * * * *

Second Request

Several issues ago I issued an invitation for some articles on the subject of "What is a Woman." My two columnists, Sheila, Susanna, myself and one other have responded so far. It seemed to me to be of some importance to get an idea what a woman is to those who go to great lengths to emulate her. What is she that she is worthy of that effort, what are you achieving when you become your femmeself, what is the nature of the satisfaction achieved in dressing?? Is it just a habit, an erotic experience, a hobby? Why don't you want to emulate Nixon, George Washington, an Astronaut, General Eisenhower—anybody else? Why a woman? What is she that all TVs adore her? (With apologies to "Who is Sylvia")

I believe that it would be a valuable experience for many of you to focus your own thoughts and feelings sufficiently to be able to put the phenomenon into words. I further believe that in reading what others say about the matter it will broaden your points of view (no pun intended) and help you not only to empathize with others but to understand the ramifications of the whole pattern and the whole man-woman relationship.

So how about getting on with a contribution in this direction? Lots of you have offered to help at various times, here is a way.



Barbara — 5-B-32 FPE



LINDA Ky.



Satisfaction Guaranteed

Gerri 49-K3-FPE

With his family beaming idiotically at him from their places around the breakfast table, Henry Wilson opened the black and gold gift boxes. His broad face lit up with a smile as he read the Father's Day cards, dramatically snapped the gay cords on the boxes and lifted the lid of the larges with a flourish.

On the faces of the givers there was inanity and smugness: this year for sure, dear old Dad would get what he wanted. They waited for dear old Dad to haul forth his loot so they could all exclaim how clever they had been in ferreting out his wishes.

However, the more conscious of those present could not help but notice that dear old Dad had commenced a new but interesting series of color changes from ashen to purple to a lovely green while he stared down into the box.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked his wife. For answer, she took the box from his nerveless fingers and looked. "Why—that's not what I bought! Oh, dear! Open the other two—good heavens! I don't blame you for being shocked. That was supposed to be a nice new bathrobe, not a—a. . ." She waved a misty black peignoir in the air. She didn't know the name of the garment, but recognized it as a co-ordinate for the night-gown accompanying it.

"I wonder what sort of a person would wear something like this?" she asked. Mrs. Wilson was partial to a deshabillé of chenille robe cum flannel pajamas (pique in summer).

Meanwhile, Henry Wilson was compounding his shock for the other two boxes held, not the slippers and shirts that his wife and family had

bought, but some flimsies of lingerie on the one hand and on the other, a blouse-and-skirt set of raw silk crepe. They were exquisite, but unnoticed in the excitement.

"They must have given me the wrong boxes." said Mrs. Wilson. "I left your things to be wrapped and they must have gotten them mixed up. Well, I'll just take these—these *things*—back to the store tomorrow. Lucky, I still have the sales slip."

"Where did you get them?" asked Henry.

"Benson's Department Store."

"I'll be in that neighborhood tomorrow. I'll take them back myself—and give them a good piece of my mind, while I'm at it. Maybe I'll cancel our charge account."

"Why? We use it all the time . . ." protested Mrs. Wilson.

"Oh, I really won't, but I'll tell them I'm going to—keeps 'em on their toes that way."

"All right, dear. I'm sorry this happened. Happy Father's Day, anyway." She paused thoughtfully, sniffed, and said, "I wonder what sort of a girl gets gifts like these on Father's Day?"

The next morning, Henry strode purposefully into the department store and planted both feet firmly in front of the exchange window. There was a mournful looking young man facing him from the other side.

"See here!" shouted Henry before the young man had finished his "may I help you?" speech. "See here, you people have made a mistake."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. What seems to be the problem?"

"Last week, my wife bought several things here," he consulted a list momentarily; "—a robe, one pair of slippers and three shirts to be exact. She had them wrapped and brought them home. Well, to make a long story short, the boxes were the wrong ones!"

The young man's face grew perceptibly longer as he said, "Yes, there were some mistakes made last week. You see, we had a new girl

on duty and she apparently shuffled some of them around. We're more than happy to straighten things out, of course. Now, if you will just tell me what you have and what you were supposed to have, I'll make the adjustment as quickly as possible."

Henry was taken slightly aback by this approach. "Now just a minute! I'm not done yet—there's another issue here . . ."

"What is that, sir?"

"Why-er, that is—now look! My wife went to considerable time and trouble to select these things. You can imagine how *she* felt when I opened her gifts and instead of—what's that?" Henry asked as the clerk set three identical boxes beside those he had brought.

"I believe these are yours, sir," replied the clerk. "Bathrobe, slippers and shirts." He quickly picked up Henry's three boxes and looked in each. He seemed to be smiling, Henry thought and then was even further surprised by what could only be tears. Good heavens! Was the man going to bawl simply because of a mistake?

In a not-too-stead voice, the clerk said, "You were talking about disappointments, embarrassment—I sympathize with you sir. I know exactly what you mean."

"But-But—" sputtered Henry. "If you're expecting a bathrobe and you get this thing—" he pointed angrily at the peignoir. "—not that it's not pretty and all that, but I ask you, if you expect a sensible bathrobe and—and—" he was groping for words.

"On the other hand," said the clerk, "just imagine how the person felt who was supposed to get the peignoir but found instead your crummy bathrobe and slippers!"

"Well—but you still don't understand what I mean!" insisted Henry

"I understand exactly what you mean, and how you feel. You see—" the clerk's voice sank to a whisper as he tenderly lifted the peignoir out of the box and looked at it. "—you see, Mr. Wilson—these are mine!"



Stupidity

Anonymous

The following story is a true, factual account of an experience of mine which occurred on July 27, 1969. As the title indicates my venture was not one of my more intelligent moves in the TV world.

Before I go into an account of what occurred allow me to give you a little background on myself. I am 30 years of age, 6' tall, 205 lbs., medium build, reasonably good-looking. I am employed as a Police Officer in a town of approximately 20,000 people. Needless to say I am known by thousands of people whom I have not met or ever will meet. I am married and have children. I also am buying my own home. I love my family very much and, of course, would never INTENTIONALLY do anything to harm them. None of the above facts make me any different from anyone else in my city but this last item does. I am a transvestite and have been since I was 7 or 8 years of age. Why, I don't really know but I have suffered through many bad moments and now through TVia and FPE, I am seeing better times ahead. My wife knows and permits limited expression of my "hobby." This on the understanding that I keep the dressing within reasonable limits. My story is the manner in which I nearly sacrificed my job, home and family because of a very rash act.

On July 23 I rushed my wife to the hospital seriously ill. Although I had been told my wife was in no critical life-and-death struggle, I was worried and between trying to work two jobs (I also hold a part-time job) see the children and run back and forth to the hospital, I began to overtire myself and tense up. My TV desires were bothering hell out of me but despite the empty house I had no spare time to indulge in dressing. Finally the explosion occurred.

On the night of July 26 I worked the 3-11 shift and we were overly busy. Several people were injured in a senseless, needless auto accident, gun complaints and petty complaints all added to my tense mood. The only good item I could see in the evening was a wedding reception for a member of our Department who had married that afternoon. As soon as I could clear my reports I zipped home, changed clothes and headed for the reception all set to have a party. I really intended to relax and let some of the festivities take the tension out of me but it didn't work that way.

As I downed 1, 2, 3, 4 drinks I found myself eyeing the women and their clothing. By now I was feeling good but I ignored the warning to lay off the liquor when TV is bothering very much. In short, I got "bombed." The more I thought about TV the more I drank and the worse the TV urge became. Finally at 4:00 a.m. I made it home. Any sensible person would have crawled into bed and collapsed, but not me. By now the TV urge coupled with my state of intoxication had become irresistible and I had to dress. I showered and shaved my legs. Normally I do not shave my legs during the summer months but now I did. My one remaining ounce of common sense prevented me from shaving my arms. As I previously said, I am a Police Officer and I would look and feel sort of silly with clean shaven arms sticking out of a short-sleeve shirt. It would also bring some embarrassing questions.

Time flew on and it was 5:30 a.m. before I had myself completely dressed from my freshly styled wig to my 3" heels. Looking in the mirror I could see what I "thought" was a nice-looking woman. The wig was nicely styled, the make-up on correctly, my yellow, three-piece suit fit comfortably and my black patent heels set everything off perfectly.

I was still high on liquor and I hadn't caught hold of myself yet. As I looked at the mirror and felt sorry for myself that I could not have been dressed at the reception the idea occurred to me, "Why not go to Mass as a woman?" In my intoxicated state I could think of no reason not to, so donning a pair of long gloves and a head covering off I went. This is not the first time I have gone out dressed but it had been at least five years since I had done so. I had no problem at all driving the car with high heels on. Upon arriving at the Church, I was very confident of myself as I parked my car and walked into the Church. I found a pew and took my place just as Mass started.

Approximately one-half way though the services I caught hold of myself and really began to sober up fast. I began to take stock of my situation and was anything but pleased. I came to a near panic and almost stampeded out of the Church. Fortunately, I maintained my calm and decided to wait and leave with everyone else. I am 6' tall, plus 3" heels and about a 2" fluff on the wig made me a 6'6" tall woman who will attract attention anyplace. I became so conscious of the height that I sat throughout the entire service!! I casually inspected my legs and found they at least looked good and I hoped my make-up was satisfactory. I was wearing a pair of sun-glasses also which helped a little. All that I could think of during the second half of the service was "You damn fool! Look at where you are and what you've done!" Needless to say I did do some ardent praying that I would get home O.K.

When Mass was over I found my confidence return. Making sure my gloves covered my hairy arms up to the sleeves of my $\frac{3}{4}$ length jacket, I stood up and walked out of the Church. As I walked out the door one of the ushers smiled and handed me a church bulletin. Again I nearly panicked but I held on shaking like a leaf, smiled back and kept on going. I thought I would never reach my car. My high heels sounded like cannon on the sidewalk (at least I thought so) and people were all around. At long last I reached my car and drove home. I had one more close call when I realized it was 6:45 a.m. and a fellow officer lives four doors away from me and was working the early watch so he should be leaving for work any minute. I drove once around the block, saw he was still home and then took the plunge and drove into my driveway and practically flew up the stairs and inside. *I had made it!*

Yeah, I sure did! When I stop and think back about this episode I realize how great a risk I took by being so stupid. I stood to lose so much, all because I would not heed the danger signals telling me to lay off the booze when TV is urging me to dress. Booze and TV make an extremely dangerous combination. I have learned my lesson and learned it extremely well. My hope is that a TV who is over-confident will read this before he takes that plunge and steps outside. Properly escorted, dressed, behaved, and SOBER, makes all the difference in the world. FPE gives the opportunity to dress among friends without a grave element of danger. My parting words to those who are about to open that door are, "Weigh the consequences versus the possible benefits before you take that first step outside."



The Way Women Are

Lesley Ann 6-S-3 FPE

"There we are," Lynn's mother said, tying the pink satin sash snugly around her son's waist. "Now let us look at you." Mrs. Sheridan spent a moment smoothing out the sheer nylon skirt of Lynn's dress then regarded her son's appearance from several angles. Apparently satisfied with the way he looked, she smiled finally and said, "My, aren't you a pretty little girl."

"Oh, Mama, isn't he darling!" Lynn's twin sister exclaimed in delight. "Darlene, come here and look at Lynn!"

Mrs. Sheridan saw her six year old son's expression and said, warmly, "Now, Susa, we're embarrassing him." Then she laughed and hugged Lynn to her, whispering in his ear words which caused him to smile at her shyly and nod his head.

At that moment, Darlene, the twins' teenage sister reappeared in the bedroom, carrying a pair of small pink patent leather pumps and her own hairbrush. Upon seeing her brother dressed almost exactly the same as his twin sister, she laughed gaily.

"Isn't he just perfect, Mother! He's a little doll!" She exclaimed. Then, sitting down on her mother's bed, she called both of the twins to her. Darlene studied both of them closely for a moment then winked at her mother and said, "Why, I do believe Lynn is even prettier than Susan!" Her statement brought cries of protest from each of them, but for different reasons, and Darlene hugged them to her, laughing happily.

Then she gave the shoes to Lynn and let him put them on. After this she sat him down on the bed beside her and brushed his hair into a style similar to Susan's short hairdo. Mrs. Sheridan watched her older daughter's work with interest and approval.

"When your father and I were told to expect twins," she said, "we said a little prayer for two more girls. Actually, we hadn't planned to have any more children after you Darlene, but when I became pregnant again six months before your father's accident, we knew the baby would be a girl. And when Dr. Morrison told us we would have two ore more, we chose Susan and Lynne as our new daughters' names." Mrs. Sheridan smiled as she fondly recalled the happy days of the past. "When a baby boy was born, we were surprised, and pleased of course," she added, with a smile for her son, "but we had become so attached to the names we decided that 'Lynn' could be given to a boy, too."

Darlene put her arm around her mother's waist and asked, "Why were you so sure you would just have girls, Mama?"

Mrs. Sheridan replied, "All the Sheridan children were boys, and most of the Brimmers were too, so we just had a feeling that we would reverse the family tradition and end up with all girls. Besides, both your father and I wished very hard for quiet, well-behaved little girls after growing up with loud and rough brothers." Unconsciously straightening the skirt of her son's dress, she continued, "Susan was born first, then Lynn, and . . ."

Susan interrupted, saying cheerfully, "Mother, I have an idea—let's keep Lynn a girl all the time. Then he won't grow up to be one of those mean boys who always bother me at school."

The little boy immediately protested this and Mrs. Sheridan laughed as she shook her head. "No, Susan," she stated, "your brother is the man of the house now and we need him just the way he is. The way he usually is, I mean!"

"Mama," Lynn said softly, touching his mother's arm. "It scratches."

She answered, "What scratches, dear?"

"This thing," the little boy replied, indicating the stiff, white material under his dress.

"Lynn!" Darlene giggled, "that 'thing' is a petticoat."

"But why do I have to wear it?" her brother questioned.

Susan replied, "Because it makes your dress stand out, doesn't it Darlene?"

Their older sister nodded, smiling. "It's like underwear, Lynn."

"But I'm wearing underpants already," the boy protested, raising his dress to show the frilly garment under the petticoat. "See."

The two older females burst into laughter, while Susan said impatiently, "Lynn! They're *not* underpants; they're panties. And you're not supposed to let anyone see them. Are you, Mother?"

Her twin did not understand. "But why are they so fancy if no one ever sees them?" he questioned, in confusion.

"Darling, that's just the way women are," his mother answered, her eyes twinkling. "Some day you'll understand."

Darlene interrupted at this point, advising her mother of the time.

"Alright, children," Mrs. Sheridan said, standing. "We'll have to hurry or we'll be late for Lisa's masquerade party."

Susan jumped up from the bed, happy that they were finally leaving, but Lynn remained sitting, fingering the soft material of his party dress lightly, unsure whether or not he should move.

Impatient at her brother's hesitation, Susan said, "Come on, Linda, we'll be late."

The little boy looked up at her questioningly, surprised at being called by the feminine derivative of his name. When he did not move immediately, Susan took his hand in hers and pulled him gently but firmly off their mother's bed. Lynn looked at her hesitantly for a long moment, then shyly returned her warm smile.

Susan was determined not to allow him time to reconsider his action. "We'll have so much fun at the party, Linda," she said, ebulliently. "You'll just love being a girl!" Staring at her brother, Susan demanded, "You don't want to be one of those mean, old boys, do you?" The little boy quickly shook his head in answer to the question.

Then, one happy and exuberant, the other apprehensive but no less excited inwardly, two pretty, little girls walked from the bedroom, hand in hand.

EDITORS NOTE: Lesley Ann expected that only her story would be published in TVia, however the letter below which accompanied the story seemed to me to be as worthy of publication as the story. It is a set of perceptive observations about the nature and origin of our mutual experiences.

Dear Virginia and Mary,

I am enclosing a story titled "The Way Women Are" which hopefully you can use in a forthcoming issue of Transvestia.

The purpose of the story is to illustrate several of the dynamics which could cause a little boy such as Lynn to become a transvestite, provided the necessary psychological or physiological (whichever theory one embraces) predisposition is present. Lynn's environment could not be called typical for a little boy (nor for a boy who is to become a tv, for that matter) but neither would it be considered peculiar since many children grow up in a family in which the father is absent and in which the child's siblings are exclusively female. Nor would such an incident as being dressed as a little girl be outside the experience of many small boys, since impersonating the opposite sex is a favorite amusement of man (proving the theory that if one can laugh at something, it becomes less of a threat).

A sidelight on impersonation just occurred to me—I would guess that, if such a thing could be determined, American men, in general, would feel more "disguised" dressed as women than costumed as gorillas. After all, an animal, such as an ape, connotes strength, aggressiveness, power, perhaps even a certain amount of admirable cruelty, in short masculinity. On the other hand a human female gives the male the impression of weakness, passiveness, and emotionalism, in short femininity, which compared to its opposite logically must be considered inferior. To a man a person who wears delicate lingerie, pretty, colorful dresses, makeup, and long hair softly styled is an object to be won, possessed, conquered sexually. Since that is the purpose of woman, and since man's ego will not even let him entertain the possibility that he could be sexually subjugated by another male, the idea that *he* could be that person gowned, coiffed, and perfumed is inconceivable, except in parody of that silly characteristic of half the world's population,

femininity. Cross-dressing, it seems, involves, exposes, and threatens more of the male ego than any other form of behavior except the sex act itself.

To return to the original point, the idea I try to put across in the story is not that Lynn, once exposed to girls' clothing, falls in love with their softness, prettiness, etc. and, as an inevitable result, grows up to be a typical transvestite. He may or may not, according to the reader's wishes. I believe the idea that a normal boy "accidentally" becomes a tv in this way is a theme overplayed in tv literature. It provides an expedient means of getting the hero dressed and the reader into the action, it's true, but is hardly authentic. In reality, most little boys are emotional and psychological replicas of their fathers, with the seeds of the masculinity hangup there, though not yet developed. To say that such a boy will become a transvestite without a predisposition in that direction would be wishful thinking. A boy like Lynn, however, may have that susceptibility because of his family situation. If he does indeed become a tv the prime mover in his case will not be the sudden realization that the clothes are soft and pretty; rather it will be his reaction to his family's (and especially his mother's) lavish praise of his appearance in the clothes. It should be obvious that this special praise for his girlish looks, plus his realization that his mother originally wanted all girls, will have the unplanned effect of making the clothes and later femininity itself desirable, despite the fact that Lynn is loved as a boy, and despite the fact that his mother does not, and never did, regret his maleness.

It is not at all certain that Lynn will, as his sister promises, love being a girl. If he becomes a transvestite, he'll probably experience periods of self-doubt, guilt, and disgust for his weakness, just as most of us do. But if he's lucky, his mother's words will remain with him throughout his search for self-acceptance. Perhaps one day he'll discover that he doesn't need masculine logic to justify ruffled panties. He might realize, if he's fortunate, that he requires no reason to pamper his body, no excuse to indulge his emotional needs. Having the need is its own justification; being feminine is its own reward.

And that's the way women are.

Sincerely, Lesley Anne 6-S-3

* * * * *

"Unexpected Allies"

For sometime we TVs have fought the battle for identity and recognition alone. We still do as far as our specific pattern is concerned. But in the larger sense of awaking public awareness to injustice, discrimination, prejudice, bigotry and ignorance we have allies.

In the racial confrontation white people are learning that black people can be capable, friendly, intelligent and all the things they were formerly thought not to be. Whites are having to learn to get along with and to work side by side with them.

That group which has really been the source of our own difficulties—the homosexuals—are turning out to be allies too in unexpected ways. For all past years the HS was hounded by society and he (and she) had to live in a type of social isolation not daring to admit his predilections. The ignorance that society had about HSs worked to our disadvantage since that same ignorance lead society to assume that any male who wore feminine things was a queer. We therefore paid their social penalty.

Today the homosexuals are coming out of hiding. They are fighting (and often winning) cases of discrimination in employment, in the military, in civil service and elsewhere. They publish numerous journals, have numerous societies and organizations and are making the public aware. In many cities they have picketed publicly with signs such as "Gay is Good" etc. Society is going to have to learn to live with them too and to accept their behaviour as "their own thing."

Finally there are our GG sisters. Women too are getting tired of being 2nd class citizens and they too are organizing, protesting, marching, picketing, etc. More importantly they are coming to realize that both men and women are locked into roles and expectations and that these restraints need to be broken for both genders. This means they realize that just as they want some of the previously masculine freedoms, men must be allowed some of the previously feminine freedoms. This is up our alley I'm sure you'll agree. Several of our members including me have joined NOW—the National Organization of Women. Men are admitted to membership. How about looking into it and joining up—as your brother probably, but you will still be striking a blow in the right place. Allies are allies, so help them where you can for your own eventual victory.

Virginia.

Southern Comfort or Some Like It Hot

Sally 43-S-5 FPE

From September 12th through the 19th this year, TVdom had Two Resorts. Susannas', in the mountains of New York, and the brand new beautiful seaside Resort on the lovely white sands of the Gulf Coast. If we can judge the next year's activities by this year's, we can guarantee an annual Seaside Resort, for this year's was a fantastic success. For everyone, that is, but Virginia.

After all, we part time girls came with several changes of hair, (Virginia had only her own) and we had no personal appearances (Virginia had two) to make, so she abandoned us after one wild party night and opted to remain encamped (no pun intended) in Houston for the rest of her stay. It did give rise to speculation as to how the rest of use might have coped without our wigs when the sea breezes and humidity caused the hair to fall so quickly.

Everyone else enjoyed the fun. Diana, for instance, thought she never spent the night because business kept her in Houston unexpectedly, made six trips to the resort in seven days. One night she missed the 2 a.m. ferry boat, and came back to the resort to sleep for a half hour while waiting for the 3 o'clock trip. How all that business was taken care of I'll never know. Aside from her many trips back and forth, she also served as chauffeur for Virginia, and even found time to go dressed to dinner with Virginia one evening, and to follow the meal with some bar-hopping afterward. What do they say about two girls out on the town alone?

In the very beginning Louise and Myrtle spent all their time writing "wish you were here" post-cards to Linda and Ruth back in Tulsa. But very shortly they became much involved in activities, particularly Myrtle

and her passing in grocery stores and any place else having doors and people inside. During a make-up session, Sally noticed that Myrtle looked like a horse. Sally puzzled over this for twenty minutes before she realized that Myrtle's eyelashes were on upside down. A quick reversal of the lashes made a 100 percent improvement. Later on Diana added a touch of the make-up artist's skill that knocked about ten years from Myrtle's appearance, and a change of wig styles reduced it by another ten. Fortunately Myrt left to go back to Tulsa that evening . . . had she stayed much longer we would have had her in diapers.

Jeannie, soon to apply to FPE, after a bit too much champagne, volunteered to drive Sally and Myrtle over the ferry to Galveston to get a Sunday morning newspaper. It was a great plan. Until we discovered the Highway Patrol parked behind us as we waited for the ferry-boat. It was scary, girls. So scary, in fact that no sooner did we get off the ferry-boat, than we turned around and went back to the resort without our newspaper . . . AND in coming back aboard the ferry, Jeannie, in her nervousness, scraped her car on the ferry island. Fortunately she is now safely registered in college, away from harm. (Except that I understand that is not such a safe place any longer).

Jennifer came down from Dallas late, though not too late, for we took some pretty good movie footage, as well as some polaroids. The best, however, was saved for last. Jennifer had let her hair grow out pretty long, in the fashion of the hippies, and it was long enough to do . . . you know what. Well . . . we have a discreet hairdresser, and . . . Jennifer looked beautiful. Then she, Diana and Sally had dinner and Jennifer set out, as Jennifer, for Dallas, 250 miles (and at least one gas stop) to the north.

It was a lot of hard work to set up the resort. In retrospect however, I wonder why it has not been done before . . . The advantages are numerous. All the opportunity you wish to swim, to fish, to sun yourself, to walk on the beach, as a girl. To be a girl 24 hours a day. To do so outside, in the sunlight, with wind blowing your skirts about your knees, and your hair around your face. To spend hours if you wish, practicing putting on eye-lashes . . . experimenting with make-up tricks from women's magazines . . . putting on fingernail and toenail polish, unhurriedly . . . working with your wig . . . doing the simple chores which keep things going, such as cooking and ironing your things. And, I guess the most important, talking to others. Others who understand. Who understand everything. To give, and to also receive, advice, hints, suggestions on make-up or deportment, going out and passing . . . all to someone who understands. This makes it worthwhile . . . very worthwhile.

The persons advertising below are well acquainted with TVs and their problems and have done business with many of us. Have private facilities. Call for an appointment . . . Mention TVia or Virginia.

RONNIE SAMUELSON R.E.

Permanent Hair Removal—Beard, Body, Eyebrows
Special rates for Beard Removal
Electro Blend Method

6238 W. Manchester Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90045

In Westchester Prof. Bldg. Next to Cannon's Pharmacy

Phone 670-8608 For Free Consultation Appt.

MAXINE NELSON R.E.

Permanent Hair Removal—Beard, Body, Eyebrows
Special rates for Beard Removal
Electro Blend Method
Available Saturdays & Evenings by Appointment

6238 W. Manchester Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90045

In Westchester Prof. Bldg. Next to Cannon's Pharmacy

Phone 670-8608 For Free Consultation Appt.

MARIE of FIFTH AVENUE

COMPLETE WIG SERVICE — SALES AND STYLING
Friendly Understanding and Privacy for all TV's
Visit my shop when you are in New York

507 Fifth Avenue — New York, N.Y. 10017

MU 2-1367

Beware of Virginia



OBSERVATIONS

by Virginia

Recently my “dear” friend Pudgy Roberts found it to his advantage to print the following in his column: “Recently I had a long discussion with VIRGINIA PRINCE (we did have one in New York). I am more than ever convinced that he (sic) is not suitable to help the transvestite. He is a hypocrite who hides behind a veil of hypocrisy. He now has a bust, via hormone or silicone injections (I’ve never had either one) and although he still considers himself a true transvestite he is not. He is a transexual. I have never known anyone who deserted the truth in small matters . . . that could be trusted with matters of importance. Let the TRUE transvestite BEWARE.”———quoted verbatim and the capitals are his. I only hope he reads the articles on TS in this issue.

Since I have been involved with TVs for the last 10 years I think it only fair to pass this warning on to you so that you *can* “BEWARE” It would be very deceitful to keep this information from you and thereby prevent you from taking appropriate measures to protect yourselves from me. After all who but THE authority on cross dressing, the former drag queen and former female impersonator; His, Her or Its Honor Pudgy Roberts has issued this warning? From his Olympian vantage point of zero years as a heterosexual, zero years as a husband, zero years as a father and zero years as a successful business man in straight society he should certainly know what is good for people who *are* heterosexual, and husbands, fathers and successful people in the straight world. It just stands to reason doesn’t it, that he is in a much better position to be objective and able to view the problems of the TV in these areas dispassionately since the extreme clarity of his wisdom, the depth of his perception and the validity of his conclusions have never in any way been contaminated nor affected by any shred of personal experience in these fields.

I, on the other hand am completely disqualified and an unsuitable person to work with, to advise, or comment upon the field of TVism because I am a self confessed addict of it. I *have* been contaminated with heterosexuality, paternity, matrimony and social and business success so my views are from the inside. The inside—where YOU are. I look at things from the same position as most of my readers—perhaps I look deeper and speculate further because of my inherent scientific curiosity and training but essentially I have YOUR outlook. It is, I'm sure perfectly clear to you who read this and would be to the thousands of other TVs that have not yet found TVia that you don't want to listen to or be advised or counselled by anyone who has been through all the things you've been through and has some empathy with you. Of course not! What you want is the advice and counsel of a completely fresh outside and uninvolved mind—one who isn't distracted or influenced by any personal experience let alone having any psychological or psychiatric background.

Pristine, pure, virtuous, original, uninvolved, and young (about 26-27 I think). In short a complete newcomer who has no preconceptions at all let alone knowledge and experience in the field, but one who has an unbelievable desire for power at any cost (by his own admission). So now that such a one has appeared on the horizon I hope you will all bow three times to the east (he is in New York) in order to show your respect and appreciation.

As for me, I suppose that I ought to take to heart his considered conclusion that I am "not suitable to help the transvestite" and with my tail between my legs and tears streaming from my eyes, bid you all a fond, affectionate and reluctant farewell. Then the great all knowing one from the east could, through the highly respected, erudite, and deeply concerned outlets for his word—FEMALE IMPERSONATORS magazine, the CANDID PRESS tabloid, and SCREW newspaper,—bring you all the information, guidance, counsel, encouragement, help and understanding that you would need. TRANSVESTIA would be put to rest, since a publication by such an "hypocrite" hiding behind a veil of hypocrisy could hardly be of much value. (Incidentally, where else could a hypocrite hide than "behind a veil of hypocrisy?"—purely a semantic curiosity but I guess I really shouldn't question the terminology of the all-knowing one in his wisdom.

I really don't know whether I am stupid, foolhardy, stubborn or maybe sacreligious not to heed his kind and helpful words of advice. But somehow I feel a compulsion welling up from deep within me to

stubbornly and probably erroneously keep right on misleading, deluding and confusing my readers in the hopes of making your lives as miserable, lonely, frustrated, guilt-ridden and unhappy as I can. Fortunately there are still a lot of you who are not as miserable and frustrated as you could become so there is lots of room for my dastardly and inverted sabotage, masquerading as help, to operate. "Ah ha, me proud beauties, I have you in me power now". But since I like to play fair (in spite of my hypocrisy) I have herein printed the anointed one's warning and have given you all ample warning to BEWARE OF VIRGINIA and her nefarious schemes. (I expect that with the appearance of this issue—the last of our 10th year of publication—subscriptions will plummet to zero as a result of this warning and maybe I can retire to my cats and my garden after all—They will understand me I'm sure.

Doubtless there are some among you who would like to write to "Pudgy" (what a name for a *Queen* in Shining Armor out to vanquish scoundrels seeking to remain undiscovered behind their swathing "veils of hypocrisy"). "Pudgy" sounds so fat, dumpy, common and plain—certainly no name for an upstanding and wise leader of drag queens, impersonators and disaffected TVs. Since she made it eminently clear to me that she wanted POWER for POWERS sake and cared little for those who impeded her drive toward obtaining it, shouldn't the name be Brunhilde, Amazonia, Hitleria or such? I can understand your desire to thank her for at last showing you the light and the truth and to prostrate yourselves before her and swear undying fealty to her wisdom and judgments which are the ultimate in objectivity since they have not been affected in any way by either experience or knowledge. So to help you acknowledge and express your appreciation for the warning should you so desire, Her Queenship's address is:

Queen Pudgy Roberts

Box 71 Prince St. Station (unfortunate street, yes?)

New York, N.Y. 10012

Oh yes—and you'll probably be equally delighted to learn that Eve Browne who publishes something called "The Monthly" is a strong and faithful handmaiden to the Queen as indicated by the fact that she stopped the presses to insert a "last minute flash" which was the above quotation from the Queen and appended her signed statement that she "agreed with Pudgy". From this one can expect that she will be promoted to "Lady in Waiting to the Queen" which of course will permit some of the royal wisdom to rub off on her. So now you know where she is at too. I am sure that if any of you need any assistance in making your lives any more complicated and frustrated than they are

now or to have your understanding and acceptance of yourself brought back to its original state of confusion that an application to either the Queen or her Waiting Lady (it will probably be a long time) will result in almost instant response on their part or at least as soon as they can get around to it—with all the problems at court you know.

So to those of you who, having heeded the warning to “BEWARE” are about to cast your fortunes with the “QUEEN” may I give you my hypocritical farewell embrace and wish you well (And God help you!!) For the rest of you foolish, misguided, mistreated and stubborn readers that cannot see damnation and catastrophe when it is right in front of you and who wish to foolishly plod right along with me to your own destruction, I’ll be back next issue, same time, same station. So till then this is 60 for tonight (30 and 30, I’m a dual personality you know) over Station WVP-TV.

Serious note: Normally I don’t dignify attacks on me by giving them space, but the quotation given seemed so ridiculous and amusing to me that I was impelled to write the above. It may have given you a chuckle, I hope so. I got some fun out of writing it. It will undoubtedly provoke a reply but that will be the end of it. You will not again read the names of either of these people in these pages nor see further discussions of their activities. I don’t want to waste more space nor dignify any further outpourings on their parts by a response. I stand on my efforts of the last 10 years and no comments, opinions, or attitudes on the parts of these or any other persons will change the results that Fran and I, TRANSVESTIA and FPE have achieved. I hope you feel the same.

Sincerely,

Your hypocritical (and dangerous) Editor, Virginia

* * * * *

INEZSQUIB:

There was a young TV from Kent,
Who gave up dressing for lent.
With the advent of Easter,
He padded his kiester,
And getting all dressed, was hell bent.



Carol 35-L-3 FPE



Lawrie Kay 5-K-6 FPE

Letters the Editor



*"Dear
Editor"*

Dear Virginia:

The first remembrance I have of cross dressing is at the age of five when I wore my sister's new velvet dress without the rest of the family knowing about it. I didn't dress again till about the age of 12 or 13, I really don't know how or when it started.

I wore my mother's clothes all through my school days whenever the family was gone and I was alone. After my school days I entered the Navy and then college, wearing only panties and bra during this time. While in college I met the girl I was to marry, but I didn't tell her about my dressing for fear of losing her, plus the fact that I thought that my cross dressing was just a substitute for female love. I knew that once we were married all my desires for wearing clothes of the opposite sex would soon disappear. It wasn't too long after we were married that the old desire came back. At first I just wanted to wear panties, because they were a lot more comfortable than cotton men's shorts. Then my desire went on to include nightgowns for they were so much softer than P.J.'s to sleep in (at this time I was always making excuses for wearing fem clothing). I asked my wife to give me permanents and put my hair up each night, but this was too much for her. She made me purge all my fem clothes for she began to think I was a homosexual or something. Then the first of our two children arrived and she didn't want me to cross-dress for fear of what our children would think of their father. I started to build my wardrobe back up in the years to come. My wife was never really able to accept me and couldn't understand why a grown man would ever want to wear dresses and be feminine, and I must admit that I didn't understand why either. Our marriage was on the verge of breaking up after 8½ years when we saw Virginia Prince on Television.

My wife and I were very impressed with what she had to say regarding T.V. We sent off for her book "The Transvestite and His Wife" and a subscription to Transvestia. After reading Virginia's book I finally started to see why I dressed and my wife started to become tolerant when she began to realize that my dressing was not caused by her and that I wasn't really a latent homosexual.

My wife has helped with my wardrobe and has accepted my dressing fully, even to the point of buying me jewelry and make-up for me as little gifts. I now dress fully in front of the children and there is no guilt or shame on anyone's part. I think my wife rather enjoys having Janice around to help with the house work and the children. Since bringing Janice out in the open I have shaved all my body hair in order to look as feminine as possible. I have found that my wife accepts Janice a lot more readily when I look the part rather than having all my body hair and looking like a man in a dress. Needless to say that our marriage is the strongest that it has been for years, thanks to the mature honesty of ones self.

As far as my future is concerned, I will never give up my dressing or my femself, and will not put her out of my life again. She is part of me and I have no desire to give her up. If anything, I want to expand on her and to develop her to her true self. I am not sure that my wife would want me to give Janice up. For, if I did, I am afraid that I would be giving up that part of me who is kind, tender and most of all compassionate.

47-A-1 FPE

* * * * *

Dear Virginia:

During the considerable time in which I have been a TV I had never thought to express any philosophy of life or to explain my tendencies. This is because my behavior has seemed so natural to myself that I found no necessity for "explanation".

In numerous parts of Oceania, the men wear earrings or necklaces and in other societies of the Pacific all the bright plumage is affected by the men. In many parts of Africa, dancing is the prerogative of the males who are gaily decorated with feathers, powder and paint. In some Ori-

ental areas, the two sexes dress about alike. Most primitive societies are noted for the artistry of the males which extends into jewelry and articles of clothing.

Western man, on the other hand, is a hard driving competitor who wants to build bridges and rockets; he has no time for frills. Once in a while he relaxes as in the early 1700's when European men were addicted to laces, perfumes, ribbons and wigs. Moreover, Western civilization, in its desire to explain everything, to systematize everything, places us all in categories. If you are an American male of a certain age, in a certain economic bracket, you are supposed to act in a certain way and dress in a prescribed fashion. Finally, this attempt to place everyone in a behavior strait-jacket is accentuated by the triumph of mass-man. The masses are now the arbiters of taste and fashion and you must conform to their models or they will turn on you with scorn and ridicule. We are not as individual as we like to think we are.

Louise 5-R-6

* * * * *

Dear Virginia:

You may be interested to hear of an experience that I had when I was first starting to express my femme nature. It took place in one of the large prairie cities.

While wandering about the down town shopping section I found a Ladies Wear store off on one of the side streets. I will call the lady who operated it Marie (as she was French). I had been in the store a few times and we had become quite friendly and I would have coffee with her in the back of the store where we would talk about different things. After a lot of thought I decided that I would tell her the truth about myself if and when the opportunity arrived.

This came about much sooner than I had expected, for one day dropping into the store just before she was closing up for the afternoon, she asked if I would like to help her to rearrange her stock. Of course I said that I would be very glad to do so. We went out and had lunch together, and when we got back I took off my jacket and tie and rolled up my sleeves to do what I could to help her. All went well till we stopped to have a cup of coffee. She said you seem to be right at home

in handling women's garments. I said yes I feel very much at ease doing things like this, you see I not only like to handle all these nice things, but I am very fond of wearing them as well. She then asked a few questions about myself and then she asked if I would like to be working around in a dress.

"I said yes, but I could hardly do that here." "Why not?" she said. "The blinds are down and no one will see you." I said "That may be true but I don't have a dress with me."

Well the outcome of it all was that she got an outfit out for me and had me change into it. The rest of the afternoon was all so exciting working there with Marie and being dressed as a woman. As result of that afternoon she said that she would see that I was properly fitted with a nice outfit from the skin out. So Marie really gave me my first outfit that really fitted me. She even gave me a proper fitting foundation garment. We remained good friends for the next two or three years till I had to move away from that city because of my work. When I bought a dress from her she would have me try it on and do any alterations that might be needed. From her I learned a lot about how to buy clothes for myself.

Where I am now I am most fortunate in having two places where I can go and shop and try the things on before I buy them. One of the ladies is also a dress maker and she has made a number of things for me. I have the fittings just the same as any other woman would. This lady now has a number of men that go to her to get things made, though I was her first male customer.

* * * * *

Dear Virginia:

I have just finished looking through No. 58 "the picture album" which arrived yesterday. My, but aren't there some lovely ladies in there. They really must be proud of their appearance. I enjoyed this issue so much. I suppose this sounds kind of "nutty", but when I see something in "Transvestia" about these ladies, I feel that I have known them intimately, that they are like personal friends. This is hard to put into words, but perhaps you know what I mean. I sent a Christmas card, but if this arrives before the holiday I wish you again a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Love, Jackie (57-T-1)

Dear Virginia:

I have made my first foray at female impersonation in public. As you know I am a member of a barbershop quartet. I sing tenor, a natural for a girl's part. I have for years hoped for some opportunity to play a female part on stage. The chance came this summer when the show committee was hashing over ideas for this year's show. The theme was finally decided as a revue of old time vaudeville days. I subtly suggested some names that were famous including Julian Eltinge and others. I mentioned that every vaudeville act in the old days always included a female impersonator. Surprisingly the others jumped at the idea. Others had evidently thought of the same idea. In discussing various acts, reminiscences of the "Our Gang" comedies came up. Acts were assigned to others and I put in a bid for "Our Gang."

When the act finally jelled we had the school teacher, who was the smallest of the four. He is a real little guy. Next we had Percy the rich kid, who would wear a Lord Fauntleroy suit. Then there was "Spike" the tough kid. Of course any group of children would include some girls. This part was for me because I was the biggest and would supposedly be the most comical. I was to be "Baby Jane" and we would all be 10 years old. There is an expert arranger in our chapter and he arranged a medley of "School Days", "The bell in the schoolhouse", "Nursery Rhymes", and "I don't want to play in your yard". We worked up a routine and started practicing.

Meanwhile I visited Providence and met Barbara who has done amateur acting. She was very doubtful about the whole thing and told me about all the horrible things that would happen to me as a result of appearing in public as a girl. I did not intend to use makeup, or high heels or breasts anyway. They did not go with the part. It did not seem to me to be so awful so I was determined to do it anyway. It took me many years to get up enough nerve to impersonate a female on stage and I did not intend to lose this chance.

I wore a \$5 wig fluffed up big with a loose forelock that hung over my eyes which I continually brushed aside without success. This was good for a laugh. Then a pale blue cotton blouse, a light blue shantung jumper similar to a school uniform. Finally, bright blue fishnet stockings and black flats, I told them I got it all at the Goodwill store. I wore the outfit at two dress rehearsals before the show. Nothing bad happened and the act was very well received.

The night of the show (Oct. 7), we knocked them dead and I got all kinds of compliments afterwards. The women really went for it and they couldn't get over my legs. Well, I didn't know I had such good legs. What would they say if they saw me in my usual high heels.

So we don't need to be afraid of female impersonation on stage in the proper atmosphere. Of course there was nothing suggestive about the act, I played a nice little schoolgirl. If any of our sisters are considering a female act, remember that if you are a *lady* on stage you will be accepted. You place your own value on yourself. Avoid any of the standard ploys of the night club type shows, especially the lewd routine of the typical M.C. and the stripteasing. These two things destroy female impersonating and the impersonator. F.I. was very popular in vaudeville days, principally because it was kept clean. I have a tape of the show with the big laugh when I appeared. Unfortunately, I have no pics. I had a loaded polaroid but could not find anyone to operate it. My son had to go to a meeting, and a TV who intended to replace him called to say that his wife had come down with pneumonia. So I have no pics unless I can find somebody who took some but I am already scheming for next year. How about Sadie Hawkin's Day with me as Daisy Mae?

Femininely, Eloise 21-F-3

DRESSES * SKIRTS *** BLOUSES**

Ready Made and Made-To-Order

FORMAL—COCKTAIL—STREET

Alterations Also Done

I am an understanding woman who enjoys helping TVs to express their more feminine side. I have my own shop in my home, so convenience and privacy are assured.

If you live at a distance send for my measurement chart, order form and complete information about dealing by mail order.

Mention Virginia or Transvestia when you visit or order.

UBAs FASHIONS

103 Rose Ave., Venice, California 90291

Phone: (213) 392-1100

Change of Sex or Gender

Virginia 5-P-1 FPE



In TVia No. 37 I did the Virgin Views editorial on female hormones. In turn, this issue has considerable space devoted to the subject of transexuality. The reasons are that 1), these two subjects are in the minds of large numbers of TVs, 2) little is known by TVs about the subtler aspects of either of them, 3) I have been asked to discuss the subject by several readers and 4) because the stated purpose of TVia is not just to entertain but to help in the education and understanding by TVs of those factors which bear directly on their particular behavior pattern. Certainly the problem of sex and/or gender change does.

This article appears in the middle of the magazine this time instead of its usual place at the end because first, I want you to be sure and read it and second it serves as something of an introduction to the articles by Betty, Anita and Susanna which follow. I felt that presenting the views of several of us together would have more impact than just mine alone. But let us now look into the matter a bit.

A great many TVs can remember how, as little boys, they prayed nightly to God that they would wake up the next morning as little girls. If this yearning did not evince itself in prayers for a change it surely did so as envy and an urge to imitate girls. The important thing to note here is that the desire for change or emulation is usually felt either

before there is much awareness of the difference between maleness and femaleness or, if later when the facts of life are known, the envy is not aimed at her *femaleness* but at her girliness. At that age none of us realized that there was a difference between sex and gender (and unfortunately a great many of us still don't). We are not alone because the majority of the population does not realize it and even a great many professional people do not. Of all people in the world TVs should recognize the fact that you do not have to be a female to "be" a "girl", because a great many of us definitely feel ourselves to be *girls* when we are dressed even though we are perfectly aware that we are males. If a TV looks well enough to pass on the street it should certainly be clear to her that in society she IS a girl not only to herself but to everyone who sees her or has any sort of interchange with her. Girlness is set forth by the clothes, the hair-do, the shoes, makeup, jewelry, manner and general actions. When these are appropriate and in good taste everyone sees a GIRL and nobody pulls up her skirt to check out whether she is a female or not. Thus to herself and to the observer the TV girl in passing is expressing her feminine GENDER and her anatomical sex doesn't enter into it. This should make it perfectly evident that sex and gender are not the same thing and are not necessarily tied together. I, myself, provide a perfectly good living proof of that. Although I am a male sexually I am a woman *genderally*. I look, dress, act, do and express as all other women do and even though some of you cringe at the term I am therefore more properly described as a male woman because the first word describes my anatomy and the second my social appearance and behavior.

Now I'm not using myself as the example in any sense of bragging or putting myself forward but simply because many of you have met me and all of you ought to know me pretty well from my writing by this time. I think that I present a practical example that I hope you can understand better than an abstract and theoretical description, and your knowledge of me as a specific person should help in the process.

All right then, what of it? Well, exactly this—TVism consists in imitating and partaking of the *gender* qualities and prerequisites of girls and women, i.e. their femininity. All of you do it every time you dress and it's only a matter of degree as determined by your physical characteristics and your personal and domestic acceptance that separates one TV from another in this regard. All of you without exception I'll wager would like to be about 5'6", weight about 125, have a pretty, more delicate featured face and not be burdened with a beard. At least that's what exists in your femme dreams. Naturally, in your man life

you are satisfied to be taller, heavier, more rugged and a rather normal picture of a man. The point I'm getting to here is that your dreams, fantasies and mental pictures of your femmeselves are 99% general in nature. In short, they are essentially the same as they were when you were small before the anatomical and physiological differences between males and females were of much consequence to you. You should realize then, that all along you have been dealing with gender and not with sex. You prayed to be changed into a GIRL not into a female. You would not have been satisfied with the deal if you had had that anatomical change made while you slept to be discovered when you awoke, and then to put on your pants and shirt and boys dirty tennis shoes and go out and play baseball with the gang. Of course not, that would have been ridiculous because you didn't want sex change, you sought a gender change.

You see therefore from your own past memories that you longed for girlishness not femaleness. As you got older, however, you began to reason that girls got to be girls and feminine because they were females and gradually as you got more adult you began to think in these terms i.e. that the only way to be a girl or be a woman was to acquire a vagina and POW! you'd be one. In other words, it is really a semantic problem in that we tend to use the word girl as a synonym for female which it is not. Now it is true that most females are girls. They are human beings who have the two qualities of a female sex and a feminine gender at the same time but because they usually go together does not make them the same nor does the one require the other. This works both ways. As I pointed out above I, Virginia am a woman but not a female and there are a good number of others like me. On the other hand there are persons who are female and yet who dress and live like men—not like males because they are not. A real butch lesbian or "diesel dike", as they are sometimes called, falls into this category. She proves the other side of the story in that she is a female but is a man—of the masculine gender—as determined by the usual criterion of dress, hair, mannerisms and general way of life.

Well, all of this may seem way off the subject of transexualism and sex change surgery but it is not. I have put it this way because it is my hope that these articles on the TS thing will so clarify it that some of you who read them and who are now wishfully thinking and/or planning on how you can accomplish the surgery will get a new slant on the matter and "cool it". What I have tried to establish so far is, a) Sex and gender are different things, b) the TV who envies and emulates his mother, sister or other like creatures is envying and emulating their gender and its privileges and not their sex—their femaleness, c) that if

a) and b) are true then an alteration of external *sexual* organs will not automatically give that person the desired gender, though it might in a sense "legalize" it (once the birth certificate had been changed). d), that if it is the gender that you are after not only will you not acquire it through surgery but you will have to learn and develop it through living the role exactly as every other girl has learned what it is to be feminine, and that therefore, e) those of you toying with the idea of surgery should forget it and recognize the above facts and set about arranging things so that you can learn, enjoy and express your feminine gender role i.e. your "girl inside".

Since we tend to think in words (and to confuse ourselves with them too) it would be in order to point out that if one wishes to talk about sex from the point of view of anatomy and physiology or of reproductive roles then the proper words to use are *male* and *female*. In fact this is the only area where it is proper to use them. On the other hand when discussing gender, which involves psychology and sociology, the proper words to use are the nouns boy and girl, man and woman or the adjectives masculine and feminine. Part of the whole trouble TVs have with society stems from just these errors in understanding and communication. Thus if it were not that people think that the gender word "feminine" equates *only* with female and her sexual role, we would not be confused with homosexuals and their orifice-providing "female type" sexual behavior. So semantics IS important since it causes most of our difficulties.

But back to the "transsexual". The trouble with the word is that nobody has ever sought to define it. It is generally applied equally pre-surgically and post surgically. That is, not only is anyone who has already had the sex change operation called a transsexual but anyone who comes to the doctor and says, "I'm a transsexual, I'm a female trapped in a male body, I want sex change surgery" is considered by the doctor to be a "transsexual". It is about the only medical condition known in which the patient presents the diagnosis and the doctor concurs uncritically.

Now let's consider for a minute what kind of a person that term *really* ought to be applied to. In the first place it is assumed by both the doctor and the patient that a change of gender will accompany the "change" of sex. Now it follows that if one is going to alter any part of the body or of the personality it can only be justified if it can be shown that the part to be altered is not functioning properly, is not providing adequate personal satisfaction or is standing in the way of an effective

life adjustment. A damaged kidney not functioning as it should has to be removed; a person suffering from highly neurotic phobia, or complex with prevents him from functioning in a satisfactory way socially needs treatment; a disfiguring facial scar, a dislocated hip, a hair lip, or a club foot, all of which would prevent an effective adjustment to life, would require surgical correction. Therefore, if someone is to have his sex altered and his gender consequently altered too it should be a logical assumption that neither the sex or the gender is functioning properly, providing satisfaction and permitting effective life adjustment. It is my contention that **ONLY THOSE IN WHOM BOTH OF THESE AREAS (SEX AND GENDER) ARE NOT CONTRIBUTING TO A HAPPY AND EFFICIENT LIFE SHOULD BE TERMED TRANSEXUALS.** I emphasize "both" because it is not logical to change sex if gender adjustment is adequate nor to try to change gender by surgery if the sexual apparatus is functioning.

Now what are the implications of this? First that a "true" TS should be a person whose maleness is non-functional, that is one who has been unable to become erotically aroused as a male (regardless of the sex of the partner). Second, that the individuals gender, his masculinity, should also be of a low order. This would be evidenced by his being uncomfortable and ineffective in social situations, unable to relate to women as a man even on a non-sexual level, to lack the ambition, drive and capacity to adequately prepare himself for a good job and/or the inability to get and hold a good job, and who therefore switches from one low paying job to another. In short the true TS could be described as a person who is inadequate, inefficient, uncomfortable, unhappy and ineffective both as a male *and* as a man (both sexually and genderally, that is).

If this is accepted as a reasonable definition of the term, we next begin to look around for people who would fit it. Having defined the word and listed the symptoms that indicate the condition the doctor should now be the one to decide whether John Smith does or does not fit the category (and not take John's own diagnosis) and whether he is therefore a logical prospect for the sex alteration and the gender change that will result. When the doctor begins to apply these criteria to those who come to him seeking surgery it would be my estimate that he would shortly eliminate at least 80% of them from consideration. That is to say I would estimate that not more than 20% of those seeking surgery could *really* be considered to be proper Transsexuals by any reasonable definition of the word. Well then, for heaven's sake, what's with the other 80%?

I'm not in a position to divide that 80% into specific percentages but I can divide them into three specific classes and that is the important thing. The first class, and I daresay the largest, is composed of those persons who are really homosexuals. That is, those persons who have openly lived a homosexual life and are "drag queens". These persons have come to the conclusion that since they find drag an effective means of capturing male partners that they would be, so-to-speak, super effective queens if instead of having only a "back door" they were able to provide a "front door" for their sexual partners. This might appear logical until one stops to consider (and such people never do) that after the surgery their former gay boy friends are going to lose interest. After all the boy friend is a homosexual himself and likes males (drag queens or not). If he liked females (front doors and breasts) he would be straight and not gay to begin with. Now that his former "girl" friend (as a queen) has joined the "enemy" (females) as it were, she has disqualified herself and the boy friend goes back into the gay bar to find some other male with whom he can relate. The new converttee therefore is a sort of outcast from the gay world and she has no choice but to turn to the straight world. She feels it necessary to "prove" her "femininity" which, as she uses the word, refers not to gender but sex, by having sexual encounters with as many men as she can. This is not difficult, men being what they are, and thus she becomes an amateur or professional prostitute. Her chances of finding a decent straight guy who will love, marry and support her in the manner to which she would like to become accustomed are not great. In the first place she cannot provide him with children and in the second she was not raised as a female and as a girl, and has not been indoctrinated by her parents and the culture with the attitudes, abilities and expectations of a female girl and thus can not really fulfill his needs as a wife, even though she thinks she can and even if he knows nothing of her past. Obviously, therefore, sex change surgery is not reasonable nor justified for such persons—they do not fit the definition.

The second class are those persons who may never have had any or perhaps only a few homosexual experiences but who, on a conscious or sub-conscious level, are attracted to penises and the idea of being penetrated but whose upbringing and moral code makes such contacts unacceptable to them as long as they themselves are males. For such a person it follows logically that if he is disqualified as a male and becomes a pseudo female such contacts are now "all right" and morally acceptable. This type of person is not a true TS either but rather a thinly masked homosexual who hasn't got the courage to acknowledge and practice it openly and who utilizes the surgery as a means of morally justifying

the act. Needless to say this sort of person has probably never even had the degree of dressing experience that the drag queen has had. Neither this group nor the first one will have much real femininity prior to surgery regardless of how young and pretty they may be when dressed. Femininity is a feeling within oneself not just the visual impression given to others at a ball.

The third portion of the original 80% of non TS applicants are in reality misguided TVs. It really saddens me deeply the number of these people who have already "made the trip" or are already so set in their convictions that they are unreachable by logic or reason. Believe me this condition exists and some of you reading this are undoubtedly already in it. Such people remind me of the humorous sign sometimes seen on office walls, — "My mind is made up, don't confuse me with facts!" In this group, whether they have already had surgery or not, are persons who have in many cases been or are married and often fathers. This automatically disqualifies them from the definition given previously because if they have been able to have intercourse with a female it is obvious that the mechanisms leading to attraction, affection, erection and ejaculation are all in working order. This regardless of whether they have fathered children or not, though naturally paternity is *prima facie* and irrefutable evidence that they were sexually functional.

On the other hand these people are usually disqualified on the gender level too. To begin with they were enough of a "man" to attract a female sufficiently to permit the intercourse (married to not). Beyond that they generally have a history of having had the ambition to get and keep a job, earn a decent income and be effective enough as "one of the boys" to be above suspicion and accusation. Some of those whom I class as misguided TVs and who have had surgery were married, fathers, successful business men and were entirely the opposite of the definition already presented. Yet they went ahead and had the surgery. Of course they have no choice now but to make the best of it since it is an accomplished fact and, of course, no one of them would admit that it had been a "mistake". How could they? To admit it to the outsider they would have to admit it to themselves first and this is next to impossible. Few people are capable of that degree of honesty, of candor, and of self understanding. Having argued their way up to and through surgery with wives, parents, bosses, relatives, friends, doctors, psychiatrists and everybody else that got in their way, and having sold themselves so strongly on surgery as what they *REALLY* wanted, is it reasonable that they would have the moral courage to admit even to themselves that the

whole thing was a terrible mistake and tragedy? Of course not, so all the statistics gathered by interested medical people look very good. "See what a high proportion are 'well adjusted' and satisfied about the success of both the anatomical and the social transformation! That 'proves' that this procedure is justified in the 'right' cases!" Great, but how did the good doctors ascertain the degree of "adjustment" and "happiness"? By *asking* the individuals primarily. And since they just can't admit that they are *not* adjusted, *not* happy, *not* free of whatever neurotic and personality problems they had as men, their answers are largely affirmative and the doctors smile happily—they have "helped" a human being to happiness. I've met in one way or another and know of a number of others, who have had the surgery and I know very few who have achieved an inner happiness, adjustment and peace that were any big improvement on their previous lives.

"Well," the reader may ask, "if these 'misguided' TVs as you call them really aren't TSs why would they so avidly seek surgery." This is THE \$64 question and the whole reason for this article. It goes back to what I dwelt on somewhat lengthily in the beginning, the fact that sex and gender are not the same thing and the fact that the envy and emulation that TVs express is aimed at girlhood and womanhood and not at femaleness. Thus what TVism is all about is gender envy not sex envy. But those persons both gay and TV who see the feminine gender not only as a concomitant but necessary by-product of femaleness also see femaleness as the one and only royal road to femininity. It isn't! Way back in TVia No. 50 I wrote a Virgin Views column entitled, "You can't add by subtraction" that dealt with exactly this question. You do *NOT* acquire femininity and womanliness by losing your maleness and gaining a "front door". Such a person still has to *learn* her femininity the hard way—by living it and experiencing it and making foolish mistakes in behavior and feeling embarrassed when she does something or does it in such a way that it is inappropriate to her visible gender. As the man said, "It ain't easy" as any of you who have gone out very much have learned.

What I'm trying to say is that the TV seeking surgery is "misguided" because he fails to realize that his very TVism is a gender expression and that what he enjoys is dressing, looking, acting, expressing, and enjoying his feminine gender and if he is passable this is just as possible before surgery as after. And it is one heck of a lot less expensive, less dangerous, less painful and doesnot require constantly going back to the doctor for additional surgical repair or improvements. Moreover it is reversible. If a person such as myself who is doing just this—living my womanliness without surgery—should get tired of the whole thing (which

is extremely unlikely I think) she could revert to masculinity without being a freak. By this last I mean that should the operatee decide it was a mistake and try to revert he is now in the ridiculous position of wearing men's clothing and looking like a man (at least to some degree) and yet be running around without male organs—an awkward and potentially very embarrassing situation. He would by necessity be in effect a "butch" lesbian.

So the point is that if you are a TV, if you have in the past functioned successfully with a female sexually, had a fairly decent job and were able to get along with the boys as one of them, it is very unlikely that you are really a TS. If you have been married and fathered children it is almost certain that you are not a TS—by definition. What you are is a very intense TV who wants to give up his masculinity and adopt femininity as a life style. Your only trouble is that you are thinking of surgery as the only way to accomplish this. You are very wrong. If you can make all the necessary plans for change of life after surgery—domestically, family wise, job-wise, economically and socially—then you can do the same for a gender switch and be \$5-10,000 ahead besides. Think about that!

I have talked with a number of pre and post operative "cases". What comes out so very clearly in all of them is that when they have got the bit in their teeth and the idea has really taken hold of them not only can you not reach them with logic and reason—they won't hear you because subconsciously they are afraid that you will succeed in changing their minds—but every question put to them by friends and doctors is answered in such a way as to be consistent with achieving their goals. While it would be a harsh way of putting it to say that they become liars, it is no less than the truth to say that they are continuously adjusting the truth (both consciously and unconsciously) to fit into and justify their goals.

I know full well the argument that will be advanced either by some of the individuals concerned or by interested and sympathetic observers. I know because I've argued with Dr. Benjamin about this several times. A person who has been a husband and a father may try to minimize the degree of his success as a male in his sexual experiences by saying something to the effect that, "I was only able to have sex with my wife by imagining myself to be a female and she to be the male". That is trying to pit his psychology against his biology and it won't work. Sexual arousal and response are not amenable to voluntary control. Many a functionally normal male would give a lot to be able to have an erection and no amount of "reasoning with his penis" will cause it to erect. The

mechanism is buried too deeply in our animal selves. Certain stimuli offered by the female set off certain instinctive responses of a physiological nature which bring about the erectile reaction. And whereas humans who have a cerebral cortex (unlike animals) are able to embroider, improve and add to the sexual stimulus-response pattern they are unable to make it work intellectually if it has been turned off by some psychological trauma. Thus the TV who is very intense and involved in his feminine identification may very well be able to *add* markedly to his emotional satisfaction in the act of intercourse by such fantasies, but he is *not* justified in saying that erection, penetration and orgasm were *only* possible *because* of the fantasy. This possibility is not under his voluntary control however much he may rationalize the situation to persuade himself that such is the case. Rationality never beats down biology it can only modify it to various degrees. So I reject the statements of such people as being any "proof" of their inherent femaleness—"I am just a poor female trapped in a male body." Bologna! They are male persons who are fascinated by, envious of and seeking to emulate the total gender pattern of the woman and who visualize her sexual position as a by-product of her gender just the same as they think of the gender as being an essential aspect of her sex. Both of these attitudes are wrong and both stem from a lack of understanding that in the human species gender behavior, although originally assigned because of the observed anatomy of the baby is a high sophisticated life style that is constructed ON sex but not BY sex.

One further thing ought to be said here about those seeking surgery regardless of whether they are truly TSs or members of one of the three classes of pseudo TSs. It is part of the pain of being a human being that we develop personality quirks, behavior patterns, and attitudes which are the end results of psychological and sociological traumas of one type or another occurring at various times during our lives. We can for conversational purposes lump these all together under the heading of neuroses. When one is neurotic in one way or another it interferes to various degrees with comfortable and happy adjustments to life's problems. The neurosis is a constant "hang-up" or "monkey on our back" that stays with us all the time. Often we are aware of it to a degree and would like to escape from it (more often "them") in some way in the hopes that our lives would be happier, more productive and more satisfying. But one does not "escape" from a neurosis. One can only face it, examine it, learn its nature and causes and then seek (alone or with counselling) to remove it through destroying its usually deeply buried causes and to modify or eliminate its symptoms. Unhappily the idea of changing sex and gender appeals to some people

as a sort of magic way of outwitting fate and destiny—"see, I'm not that person anymore and all those hangups and monkeys were his, don't lay them on me. I'm new and different and free." I've watched more than one TV, with various neurotic traits in his personality, seek to "escape" into a new personality. He finds when he emerges into it that lo and behold he still has the same brain, the same store of experience and memories both good and bad AND the same set of neurotic problems he always had, because they were a by-product of the experiences and memories that that brain had been through. We may have developed sex change surgery but we have not yet developed psycho surgery and the scalpel which cuts into one's genitals does not cut into his head. So the new "woman" finds that not only has she not escaped the neurosis of her past but the frustration and disappointment at not having done so becomes itself the basis for a new neurosis. It is almost exactly like going on a drunk because life has gotten too much for you. Eventually—a day, or a week or a month later you come out of it with exactly the same problems you had before but with the new problems of a hangover, of lost time and money and perhaps job and wife. You're worse off than before.

Alteration of sex and gender is no more effective than a big binge in solving problems like these unless and specifically except when the problems are themselves the result of sex and gender conflict. And those in whom this is true *are* the real transexuals in the first place by the definition given in the beginning.

Let us summarize this discussion concisely then in these ten points:

- 1) Sex and gender are not the same thing;
- 2) sex does not "cause" gender as an automatic biological development, rather it provides simply the anatomical and reproductive identity that leads society to *assign* the gender;
- 3) having been assigned the gender one *learns* it by direct teaching, indirect observation of appropriate behavior, by intuitive conformity and approval and basically and unconsciously accepting the assignment given and "going along with it."
- 4) that TVs for various reasons early become aware of an unwillingness to go all the way into the acceptance of masculinity at least to the extent of refusing to give up all of those qualities and feelings socially assigned to the feminine gender;
- 5) that the TV pattern is a matter of gender identity and not sexual identity (homosexuality);

- 6) That a true transsexual would be a person who was inadequate and uncomfortable *both* as a male (sex) and as a man (gender);
- 7) that while there are people like this, the great majority of those who seek surgery do not qualify on this basis;
- 8) That this large majority is composed in some unknown proportion of three types of people, a) those who are drag queens and impersonators and who think that by surgery they will achieve a certain "super" status, b) those inhibited homosexuals whose inner sexual drives are towards their own sex but who cannot bring themselves to recognize this and to perform as such while they themselves remain males but who would feel relieved of those limitations were they to become "females", and c) those persons who are truly TVs and who are really seeking a full time gender expression and who mistakenly feel that the only way this can be achieved is through sex conversion;
- 9) that persons who have been practicing TVs and who begin to build themselves a fantasy about the wonders of *being a woman* should realize that what they are seeking is a gender expression—one that can only be acquired by learning and experience—and should therefore set about arranging their lives so that they can achieve that goal (if that is really the most satisfactory goal in their lives) and give up ideas of sex conversion; and finally
- 10) that sex conversion surgery really of itself gives you only two possible benefits—first that you can now go to bed with a male (and if that is your deep subconscious goal you were not a TV to begin with but rather an inhibited homosexual), and second that if it came to a showdown legally you could in effect pull up your skirt and say "see" and could thus justify your existence as a woman. Surgery is a terrible price to pay in danger, pain, and money to achieve that small degree of security when with sufficient self acceptance, confidence and courage you can do it without surgical interference.

So before you get on the tobaggan at the top of the run, which starts with hormone administration (see my article in TVia No. 57 on hormones), please think long and seriously and pay some attention to the ideas of others not just to your own. Once you get on that tobaggan you can't get off, it goes faster and faster and will eventually arrive at the bottom. Staying with the psychological part of the analogy—as you slide further and further down the path your speed in the sense of determination, self justification, rationalization and logical "unreachableness" becomes greater and greater. Soon you arrive at a point of

no return where you are incapable of making a sane, cool, rational decision, i.e. you can't "get off" when the tobaggan gets up to full speed. The only time you have any chance for cool decision making is before hand, before you get on the tobaggan. So for god's sake and you own **MAKE THE RIGHT ONE!** I hope some of the information and insights contained in this article and those that follow will help you to make it.

* * *

As an afterthought, I think I might be entitled to point out that I (and others in the same position) who have had electrolysis, taken hormones and live as a woman full time am not a transsexual, are wrong. While all of these things are done by those who **ARE** transsexuals, it does not follow that all who do them are transsexuals. This is the same false logic that society follows when it in effect says (wrongly in both cases) that homosexuals wear dresses and make up, therefore all males who wear dresses and make up are homosexuals. I'm sure most of you have been resenting that implication for as long as you've been TVs. Naturally I resent the assumption that I am a TS for the same reason—the logic is false. I, at least, know the difference between sex and gender and have simply elected to change the latter and not the former. If a word is necessary, I should be termed a "transgenderal."

**IF YOUR BOYSELF WEARS GLASSES
YOUR GIRLSELF NEEDS THEM TOO.
GIVE HER THE CONSIDERATION A LADY DESERVES
GET HER A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL FEMININE GLASSES**

*We offer complete optical service
at reasonable prices. Over 300 styles.*



CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT

**ASK FOR ELLIOTT AND SAY THAT YOU ARE A
FRIEND OF VIRGINIA.**

We have private fitting rooms and are understanding
of the needs of TVs. No embarrassment or complications.

**D.N. Morley — Regal Opticians
2026 West 6th St.
HUBbard 33950
Los Angeles**

Courtesy Parking 4 doors east at Union Service Station on 6th St.



As a Blonde



As a Brunette

The LADY who's known as LU
5-W-2 1



Connie Mae 43-A-1 FPE

Hormones and Surgery

Yes or No

"Betty"

Does the thought of living your life completely as a woman intrigue you? Is it what you wish for, dream about, or is it what you LIVE for? Do you take your next breath only because there is hope you may find a *surgeon* who will do away with your brother self?

There are hundreds of names on waiting lists at several hospitals across the U.S.A. These people think that they are TS's. Most of them "dress" and some of them even live full time as women, with no one the wiser. These are the ones whose gender discomfort is so intense, so absolutely frustrating, their bodily construction & face perhaps ambiguous and embarrassing as men, that they see no other solution than to "cross over," OPERATION OR NOT. These are the true transexuals. The rest are, for the most part, just dreamers.

Before I go any further, I think I should answer the question, "Who is this character who speaks with such brazen authority?" It is a valid question and deserves an answer.

Several years ago my name made the newspapers far and wide. The occasion was the legal change of my name from—shall we say from Bill to Betty. I had achieved my goal and had had sex change surgery so I do know whereof I speak.

The purpose of this article is to try and enlighten you part-time or would-be girls about two particular areas, 1) hormones, and 2) surgery. Hormones are not worthwhile unless you are going to live full time as a woman or are under a doctor's care in preparation for surgery. Why? Because they do things you don't want, even though you may think you do. Like what? They may overload your liver and adversely affect your pituitary gland for a start.

They will NOT decrease your beard or influence your voice. They WILL slowly but surely affect your attitudes toward life, love, and the world around you. They WILL weaken the drive and ambition that helps make your family secure. They WILL cause you to become significantly more emotional—a “no-no” for a man. They WILL affect your judgement and ability to make sound business decisions. They WILL cause gynecomastia (male breast development) to some degree, usually dependent on your own hereditary patterns. This will prevent you from appearing in public at the beach, or from boating or going to the local health spa or will embarrass you in front of your company or family doctor. They WILL increase the lard on your bottom slightly, *very* slightly. They WILL increase the rate of your natural loss of physical strength and endurance. They WILL clear up some acne conditions and that is about the best thing that can be said. They may also, as in one case I know of personally, cause cysts to form in the breast tissue. If taken in sufficient quantities, they reduce sex drive to zero, cause partial or complete impotence and sometimes definite pain during any type of arousal.

The one saving grace has to be mentioned in fairness to the loyal opposition. The effects of taking these hormones is not lasting, IN MOST CASES, until several years have elapsed. Potency can return. Gynecomastia will reduce; but what about other types of damage which may have occurred to your family relationship or to your body? Is it worth the risk?

So, unless you are operation bound, why bother? Even the plastic surgeons are in favor of falsies as opposed to the implant operation, and that is a lucrative business.

So, you've all read this but you are going to take, or continue to take them anyway? O.K. It's your life and suppose you are a potential TS. Have you lived as a woman 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, moved socially as a woman at work, in church, or perhaps in a bowling league? In other words, do you *pass*—EASILY?? Are you effeminate looking dressed as a man? Do you HATE having male genitalia? Do you think you would be at ease receiving a male lover if you had the proper equipment, even though you may not now be engaging in relationships with another male? That's right—ANOTHER MALE! You will ALWAYS BE MALE, regardless of how you look or act or feel. There is no ~~such~~ thing as sex change, only sex re-assignment. Surgery cannot make you either female OR feminine. Can you live with that knowledge? You can be re-constructed, just like adding a

second story to a house. Now you have a two story house. The APPEARANCE has been changed, perhaps completely, but the fact remains, it is still a house on the same lot with the same address.

It's not all a bed of glamorous roses, either, I might add. Unless you are perhaps a movie star or television personality, life as a woman is just as hum-drum as that of a man. It is a daily grind of working a full day and then coming home to cook and wash dirty dishes and clothes, do the ironing and keep the place clean. Any of your GGs will tell you, if it's done right, it is no breeze. Top this off with constant hair care and a reduced income that doesn't allow you to buy the little goodies you now enjoy and eat too, and you have basically the typical working gal's glamorous (?) life structure. And, remember, it's a ONE WAY trip.

How do I know it's a one way trip? Because I've made that trip. In 1966, the headlines about my name change from Bill to Betty went around the world, much to my infinite sorrow. Then early in 1967 I became one of those on the list of Johns Hopkins Hospital's operated transexuals. No happier person existed. Yet, I have been in almost constant pain for almost three years. "Ah" you say, "then all this cautioning is just sour grapes." Not at all. For Life, even with pain, is preferable to death. Pain is educational. Death serves only the undertaker. Why do I mention death? It is, quite unfortunately, the companion of the deep depression into which most transexuals find themselves plunged at one time or another. Then would I do it again? Yes, I would, but as the proverb goes, "There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." And so there has been. Perhaps a little autobiographical data will help you to understand the immense complexity of this condition for it is by no means as simple as one's wishful thinking beforehand would make it out to be.

When I left the hospital, I had no where to go. I had been rejected by my parents and had, for all practical purposes only one friend, a fellow TS who lived near the hospital. I stayed with her until I was well enough to travel. But there I stood, very suddenly and acutely aware that at 30 years of age, I had no past, no identifiable future and no prospects. Think about that!

The name change had gone well enough, though my lawyer had appeared on television and made me instantly famous. To get the proper meaning of this you combine the two words and the result is INFAMOUS. The fight to change the university records, as well as driver's license, and various other legal documents still lay ahead.

Somewhat by a miracle, all these things fell into line as the result of my own efforts and the cooperation of a great many people, some knowing, some not. With the surgeon's signature, the Bureau of Vital Statistics issued a new birth certificate saying all the right things for my future life. However, my employer of the preceding four years refused to give a recommendation except in the name under which I had served in the company and also refused to keep me on in a different capacity, as he had originally promised. The fact that I led the sales force made no impression. They would not relent. So you see—no past. Cut off. No footer on which to lay the first brick for a new life.

This problem doesn't loom very large in one's eyes while the problem of achieving the "change" is still uppermost in one's mind. But it becomes plenty large as soon as one begins the task of constructing her new life. Employers always want to know where you worked last and frequently ask for references; credit applications ask the same thing plus your place of residence for the last five years (you can give the address but if they check up they won't know any "Miss-so-and-so" will they?); insurance policies and insurance examinations for employment usually require a complete previous medical history and who was the doctor—(Hospitals and doctors records will all show "male" so what are you trying to do—defraud the insurance company? They can refuse otherwise payable claims on such technicalities). Everywhere you turn in our society somebody wants to know who you were, where you lived, where you were employed BEFORE and you, in effect, don't have a "before".

I crossed several states and settled down with what little money I had left. A TV, one whom I had dated for about two years, and I were married in 1967 in a little Baptist church and a very dear friend (TV) was our best man. We had hope. I had an identity at last. Having made the disastrous mistake of marriage as a male, I felt I knew what I had to do as a wife to make things work.

My new husband couldn't support me on his income, so, even though I was not yet well, I applied with an employment agency and talked my way (literally) into a job paying only about \$15. a week less than I had earned previously. That was pure luck. I had three jobs in that city and when my mate was transferred, I too arranged a transfer. The new office was a drag with no future and I got out of it as soon as possible and I now manage an office in the suburbs of our city.

This marriage lasted nearly three years with the usual collection of arguments, fights, etc., but finally it fell of its own weight. From introspective analysis, I would say that the TS who gets married as I did before *maturing* "AS A WOMAN" is the grossest of fools. If I had waited, perhaps I would have learned more about myself, about him and about the marriage relationship when I was the *wife* and not the husband. These are two quite different roles and my previous ideas of what a wife should do, be and expect, were acquired from considering the matter from the point of view of a husband. There was much I didn't know.

True, most women who marry are immature at the time, purely due to age, but at least they have had the advantage of preparing for marriage and motherhood ALL THEIR LIVES. Another thing was that we all have certain basic NEEDS. I NEEDED a mature masculine figure to lean on. Due to the nature of my husband's TV needs he was unable to satisfy this need and this contributed to the failure of our marriage.

I have told more than one doctor and will emphasize it here too that I wish there had been more opportunity for post operative psychotherapy. It would have helped me greatly in the aforementioned maturing process and in adjusting to the marital situation among other things. There is ever so much more to being a woman in modern society than just being a "female" and wearing dresses. Alas finding this out and learning what one needs to know and feel AFTER surgery is more than doubly difficult. I fully agree with Dr. Benjamin and others that the prospective sex change should be willing to live full time as a woman for a year before surgery and to solve in advance many of the problems that inevitably arise. And of course the most pressing of these is that of finding out whether the individual can earn an adequate living as a woman. Too often the economic complications do not appear until after surgery which may account for why so many of my "surgical sisters" wind up as prostitutes. Being unable to earn a living in usual ways they turn to women's "oldest profession". Of course, there is the added motivation of "proving" their femaleness and what better way than to take on a male sexually. Proper pre-operative experience and post-operative counseling would help such people to know and accept their new selves, to adjust to society and to simply fade back into the world of women where they have so loudly proclaimed for so long that they belong.

In conclusion, several things have recently emerged as truths regarding the syndrome known as TS. There are no guarantees that the opera-

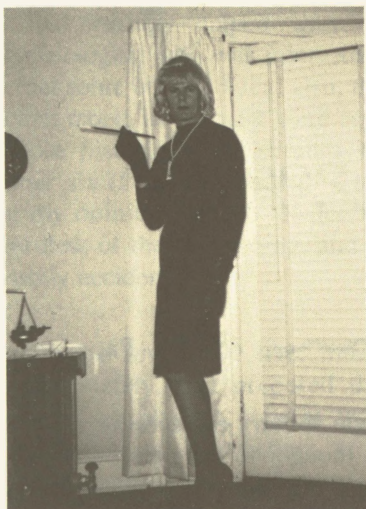
tion(s) will succeed or that the TS will necessarily even be completely happy with the results. Operative techniques and skills vary widely and are subject to very individualistic reactions. This often necessitates many subsequent visits to the surgeon with the consequent expense, pain and inconvenience that goes with surgery. My own problems were by no means over when I emerged from Johns Hopkins Hospital. I have had to have subsequent surgery myself and so have most other TSs I have known.

No matter how passionately wanted, being born again as an adult is a monumental undertaking, the gravity of which can only be lightly imagined by the pre-operative TS and the neophyte "woman."

So these have been my views on the whole area of surgical sexual reassignment. From my observations—and I have been considered knowledgeable and objective enough to be given a seat on the Gender Identity Committee of a large mid-western hospital gynecology department—I would say that the large majority of those who come to doctors stating that they are transsexuals and that they want surgery are not true transsexuals. Some of them are in truth homosexuals and others are transvestites who have let their dreams get out of hand. Those of you in this latter category should think it over more thoroughly. I once read about TVs having the "Best of both worlds". It *can* be true, given the right circumstances, especially if they have a sympathetic and understanding wife.

The TV, if he can manage to pass, can have his cake and eat it too. He can expand his self expression through TV to cover the full spectrum of his personality, and this is something greatly to be desired and also something a GG cannot do. Why throw all this potential fulfillment away by taking a one way ride? It can only be worth it in a *very few* instances (percentage-wise).

Lastly, before you set nylon covered foot out the door, whether it be on the road to fuller self expression or on the road to surgery, ask yourself this: Am I *ethically* free to do this thing, or just how many *other* innocent bystanders or children may suffer because of what I do, and DO I CARE?



Louise — 38-W-3 FPE



Phyllis — 5-C-14 FPE

Should I ??????

Anita — Pa.

I wonder if there is one, just one, single solitary transvestite who, at one time or another, didn't give serious thought to the possibility of a sex change. Whether it was just a fleeting fantasy or a demanding, compelling constant urge, the thought has occurred to just about every transvestite with whom I have discussed this subject. To some, every glamorous girl or woman seen, whether walking along the street, at a party, in the theatre or anywhere — could be them.

Concurrent with this dream is the publicity and bally-ho given to some of the "changelings", Coccinelle, Capucine, Bambi, Kiki Moustic, April Ashley, Tony April, etc. and just recently, in Look magazine, Viki. In carefully examining the background of these glamour changelings, you will find that most were either professional impersonators or have lived most, if not all, their lives as girls. Just about all mentioned above would have felt strange and conspicuous wearing men's clothing.

Not too many years ago I was fascinated with the idea of a sex conversion and dedicated about one half of my waking hours for a period of over two years in preparation. I placed myself in the care of a competent endocrinologist for estrogen hormone therapy, a competent psychologist for evaluation of my potential for success, a competent electrologist for hair removal as well as a competent voice teacher, for voice training. Recognizing that sex conversion is a one way street with no return possible, I felt it necessary to know more before making my final decision.

I concluded the best way to find out "how it is afterward" was to meet and talk with as many changelings as possible. I started with some

who were previously professional female impersonators, some of whom I had initially helped with the arrangements. Through a friendly gynecologist, who was interested and had done some work in this field, I met some others. Then, also, through mutual friends and acquaintances I met more. In all there were seventeen reasonably intelligent convertees whose histories and attitudes I considered worthy of evaluation. The other six (I had talked with a total of 23) were very bad mistakes and, in my opinion, had no chance from the start. (They were still *men*, regardless of their plumbing, and any resemblance to femininity would be purely accidental.)

Of the seventeen, five, immediately, went into prostitution. None, unfortunately, had prepared themselves by planning, in advance, for careers or, at least, jobs as women. It was obvious to note there was insecurity and unsureness in their new roles and, therefore, what greater proof of recognition of femininity than for a man to desire your body and, as an additional yardstick, pay for it. Four of the five expressed their hopes that among their customers would be the "knight in shining armor" who would fall in love with them, marry them and take them away into an affluent suburban society and a life of leisure, ease and security. Although each expressed herself in her individual manner, the gist was much the same in all cases. Their unhappiness was obvious by too frequent use of tranquilizers, alcohol and aspirin. Their justification for their situation can be best expressed by quoting one who said, "So what? I'm not any *less* happy than I was before!" — But, I wonder: Yesterday, — they had a tomorrow; but do they today?

One is a cocktail waitress, good looking and very personable; charming, gay and witty. She worked in the same job in the same cocktail lounge as a waitress for six years before the operation; took a leave of absence, had the operation, then returned to her previous job. Now shares a small apartment with another girl and apparently is content. She was reluctant to discuss her previous sex as she was raised and treated as a girl most of her life.

One, prior to conversion, was a "gay queen". Since the operation she is being shunned by her previous playmates and, now, has gone "butch". She claims she likes it much better than before and is not sorry about having had the change.

One, was among America's most successful young executives in his line. He made provisions for and gave up his wife and two young

children, and then was converted. He had handled the preparations intelligently, however. In four short years following the operation she has worked as a salesgirl, manicurist, hair-dresser, restaurant hostess, and at the time of our meeting, was a medical secretary. She has had a number of affairs, but, found none of them satisfactory. She contends that she just hasn't met the right type of man yet. Basically she is lonely and admits to missing "his" previous life. She says she used to get a real "kick" out of dressing — but that "kick" is now gone. She reads and watches television as hobbies.

One, was an assistant vice president of a bank. After the operation she relocated and found a position as a teller in a bank. She manages by living very thriftily. Misses much from the past—family and friends; however, she hopes things will improve. She has dates with a male teller in the bank but it's always the same—movies and a snack. Nothing romantic but it does relieve the boredom.

Two: One has a job with an architect and the other in the sales department of a large company. Both went for their operations together and now, both work for the same insurance company as typist-clerks. They bowl on the company's girl's bowling team and share an apartment. Occasionally one (the better looking one) has a date but, because of her strong moral upbringing, she stays chaste. Both claim to be content.

Three work as B-Girls. They get a percentage of drinks purchased by customers. They try to get their customers sufficiently intoxicated to "roll" them. These three girls were previously professional female-impersonators and look very good. The three share a nice apartment and will earn extra money when bringing some of their regulars "home" They are pleased with their status as their incomes have more than doubled over the notoriously poor pay received when employed as impersonators. They were spending all they made and, I confess, I admired the wardrobes of each; however, I cautioned them that unless they "socked" it away; when the glamour wore thin, they were done—and then what? This type will always live just for "today" and will worry about tomorrow when it comes.

One very, very wealthy young man became a very, very wealthy young lady. Not particularly good looking and anything but attractive to men, however, intended to have complete plastic surgery. Spent full time shopping and had more clothes than Bonwit Teller, but no friends or activities. Maybe the plastic surgery will do the trick. If not, this was another mistake.

One was a stripper in a female-impersonator club. Now is a stripper in third rate burlesque type club. Gets plenty men but of a relatively low economic and social class. Claimed to be somewhat frustrated by her lack of opportunity for advancement and intends to go to school and learn to become an actress.

One previously had a small business and spent time away from work in cross-dressing, which was a thrilling and enjoyable hobby. Now, since conversion, she still operates the business (as his sister) and spare time is spent in church activities in association with other spinsters and widows. Too tall and not too attractive and somewhat on the masculine side; therefore, male associations are only acquaintances. She is constantly wishing something would happen to add some excitement to a lonely life.

As is very clear, most of the above are not particularly happy with their new lives. In the case of the cocktail waitress it wasn't actually a new life and, on further thought, I doubt that she even really belongs in this group. This leaves just the three Bar-Girls who seemed excited and happy but purely for the adventures that each day brought, and young enough not to care about the future. Many claimed that if they had known before what they know now, they would not have converted. Some felt they should have accumulated more money before proceeding and learned a new skill to enable them to earn an adequate living as a woman. Some are unhappy with their protruding larynxes, a few with their silicone breasts, which are giving them problems, some who have to return for subsequent operations, some for the formation of a new vagina with a new lining and others for scar tissue removal and still others for various other surgical corrections. There are almost none who get away with only the one surgical encounter, therefore the cost is usually well beyond that which was originally planned on. In addition, there are a few with hair problems, others with voice difficulties and a few who complain they just can't seem to get accepted as well as women as they did as men.

One thing is obvious! Unless you have a great deal of extroversion, conversion is a dangerous game to play. Weigh carefully what you have, against what you may have or not have.

The conclusion I reached was:

IF You are under 30 and are pretty enough that people look twice
(when dressed as a man) to make sure; you qualify, *IF*:

You have sloping shoulders, no protruding muscles anywhere and are about 5'9" or under, you qualify, IF:

Your larynx does not protrude, your voice is good and there is no hereditary baldness in your family, you qualify, IF:

You completely eliminate your superfluous hair permanently, learn to sit, walk, run, throw and act feminine long enough until it becomes instinctive, you qualify, IF:

You plan and prepare a career before taking the final step, you qualify, IF:

You first visit a competent psychologist for evaluation and testing and he feels you could succeed, you qualify, IF:

You visit a competent endocrinologist with experience in estrogen hormone therapy for conversion and follow his directives and advice, you qualify, IF:

You have from \$15,000 to \$20,000 or more to cover costs of *all* operations, because there are always more operations or repair than the original conversion, convalescence, furnishing new living quarters, new clothing, carrying yourself until you get a good position in the field for which you trained.

In view of the fact that I failed to meet all these requirements and, as I saw the generally unhappy plight of some who thought this was the avenue to happiness, I decided to remain status-quo and continue to enjoy the thrills and happiness that transvestism offers to me.

Best wishes

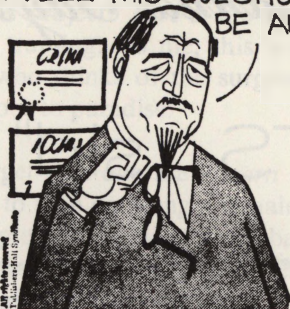
Anita Stewart

* * * * *

INEZSQUIB:

I am a TV named Thrace,
My corsets I just love to lace,
Tightly and snugly—for a figure so fine,
With falsies in place—a bosom devine,
But a look in the mirror, and yikes the same face!!!

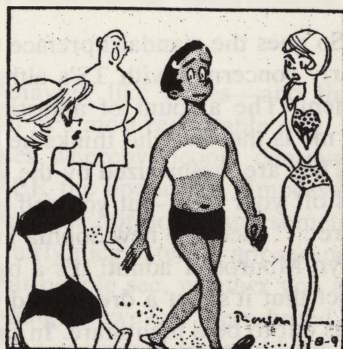
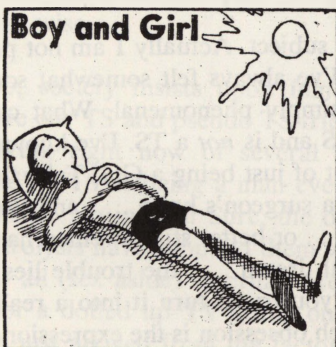
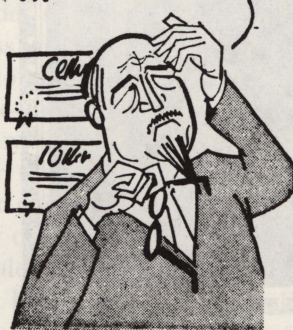
AFTER LOOKING AT THE
LATEST FAR OUT FASHIONS
FOR THE AMERICAN MALE,
I FEEL THIS QUESTION MUST
BE ANSWERED...



... CAN A
TRANVESTITE FIND
TRUE HAPPINESS...



... IN
CULOTTES?



Susanna Says

"TS...sk!"

Hi, girls:

Without doubt, there are individuals who should have the operation. It is not hard to visualize a condition in which surgery is the only solution. Experts in the field, such as Dr. Benjamin, do meet them. There's hardly any trace of masculinity in their personalities and they are a miserable failure in their attempts at living a man's life. Frequently their bodies also show a few—sometimes many—womanly traits even before hormone treatments are started. It is logical that these



individuals should be turned into females, and it seems that many do make a satisfactory adjustment and proceed to lead fairly normal lives.

—So goes the standard preface to the subject. Actually I am not particularly concerned with TS's although I've always felt somewhat sorry for them. The amount of adjusting is simply phenomenal. What concerns me is the TV who thinks he is a TS and is *not* a TS. I've known a few. They are mesmerized by the thought of just being a GG. Take four weeks off your job—put yourself under a surgeon's knife . . . and there you are . . . meet the new Sophia Loren . . . or better still, a reincarnated Marilyn Monroe. I admit: it's a beautiful dream . . . the trouble lies in the fact that it's just a dream and when you try to turn it into a reality it turns out to be a nightmare. In fact, such obsession is the expression of a most childish, immature, superficial and retarded—I was going to say neurotic—(but I won't) personality development. I like to compare such

TV's to a little kid who's barely out of kindergarten and suddenly decides he is going to start being an astronaut: tomorrow! Just have your parents buy you a space suit and then apply for a job at NASA. Anything missing in the project? Just a few little details! Such as twenty years of study and training. To me, this is exactly the case of the so-called transsexual who thinks of the surgeon's knife as the magic key that will open the door to paradise.

They tend to forget that one must *learn* to be a woman first before you can even begin to plan on being a female. I underscore this learning process for the simple reason that female babies are *trained* to become women. Parents, school and society in general see to it. And I am not talking about biological behaviour which comes naturally for obvious reasons: e.g. menstruation, sex drives, maternal instincts, etc. . . . I refer to the overall pattern of functioning as a woman in a society where the roles are separated, divided and fairly well defined. Of course, when and if we become a society in which gender separation is abolished and all modes of behaviour, activities, dress are equally accessible to both sexes, then there won't be any reason to talk about woman-like or man-like behavior. Everybody will be able—if he or she so wishes—to act “womanly” or “manly” any time they feel like it. We all know that females today are a great deal closer to this situation than males are. A girl may or may not put on lipstick going to work . . . such choice is not available to the male. A girl may or may not wear skirts going out . . . the choice is not extended to males . . . and so forth. Society has imposed a good many limitations on being a man. Women have been stubborn and determined enough to sweep away many of the old restrictions about being a woman. But, we are living in 1970, and unless we are willing to join the hippie parade we simply have to abide by present rules if we want to succeed family-wise, security-wise and dollar-wise.

So, society insists upon females behaving like ladies—and this is where our TS and pseudo TS friends fail in a most regrettable way. I am thinking right now of several instances whereby people continue to “read” a TS as being a man even AFTER the operation. “Impossible”, you say? No indeed! Sure, the operation plus hormones and sometimes electrolysis have supplied them with a fairly nice external appearance—after all (sex aside) externals are all that people see, whether you are a TS or a dolled up TV going out shopping. However, these brand new gals, just arrived from the factory, can be compared to an old car with a gleaming new body and fenders, but still with the same old engine that rattles, the old connections, the dirty filter and the leaky radiator.

When you turn them on you don't hear the sweet feminine purr you expected to hear. Their gestures are still the same old stiff, masculine gestures. If they hunched their shoulders when they wore trousers, they still hunch their shoulders now that they wear skirts. If they walked with the average male gait, the walking rhythm is still there after surgery. Just look at them standing under a tree . . . legs spread wide apart. Watch them entering or leaving a car. See them eating at the table . . . motions . . . gestures . . . habits acquired through a lifetime of masculine training persist in coming to the fore.

And then there is the voice. Ah! the voice! Did you ever stop to consider how differently women talk compared to men? It is not just a matter of developing a high voice. Phooey! There are a good many GG's with pretty deep voices . . . but you can always tell that they are GG's . . . just as one can tell that a man is a man even if his voice is rather girlish. Why? Because there is such a thing as inflection . . . that certain lilt that is the trade mark of a GG. The way a man asks a question is vastly different from the way a GG asks the same question. Just as her exclamations are different . . . Her music is different from a man's orchestration. She waltzes with her voice while the man can't go beyond a simple foxtrot. And the operation does not produce instant waltzing. You still have to learn it! Just as you have to learn the entire gamut of actions, gestures, etc. . . which tell a GG from a man.

If I had the power to pass laws I would insist in the creation of an Institute for Gender Training. No TS could be granted the operation until he graduated from this Institute. Here he would undergo a strict program of femme-training in which all the masculine habits acquired from childhood would be stamped out—obliterated—and an entire new set of habits would be acquired . . . the senior year would deal exclusively with the mind . . . the acquisition of new mental attitudes, outlook, viewpoints. The graduate would then, and only then, be entitled to the privilege of changing sex.

The present crop of TS is rather pitiful—with a few notable exceptions of course—a good many of them are in worse shape than a TV that's just graduating from panties and hose to a complete outfit, wig and make-up. To conclude—it seems to me that those who are desperately seeking the operation are only putting the cart before the horse—or in automotive terms: they are shopping for new fenders when what they really need is a new engine.

Susanna



Lois — Penn.



Linda 5-M-14 FPE

*On The
Move
Again*

*1 Virgin
Views by
Virginia*

Some readers have doubtless chalked up some more points against me because I didn't live up to what I said in the letter that went to you with TVia 57. In that letter I explained the foul up that had occurred while I was in Europe so that instead of No. 57 being done in August as planned before I left it didn't get printed and thus couldn't be mailed until sometime in October. I also said that I would try to do one a month in November and December and try to get caught up for 1970.

These plans were knocked out when about the middle of November I get a long distance call from a TV station (television that is) back east that wanted me to come back and do a show for them and two others. The long and short of it was that I had to drop everything and arrange the trip from the point of view of dates here and there, air connections, hotels, meetings with various groups in various cities, etc. This takes up loads of time with many letters, etc. trying to tie it all together. Naturally I couldn't get much done on my catch-up plans though I did get the raw material for 59 into the new printer's hands before I left Dec. 1. He promised to have the brown line proof copy waiting for me in Detroit. Well, he didn't and so that couldn't get going till I got back Dec. 20. Further delays with the bindery etc. put it off till Jan. 21 when it finally went out. So the best laid plans of mice, men and Virginia gang aft agley again. I'll try to shorten the time between issues till I catch up but it's kind of hard to do. So bear with me some more. I just can't be a stay-at-home editor and a traveling crusader at the same time.

Anyway I left L.A. on Dec. 1 and flew to St. Louis where I was met by Florence (Order of the Squirrel 1st class) and her great GG wife and

taken to dinner. Lots of good conversation and food. Next morning over to Bloomington, Indiana to the Institute of Sex Research (Kinsey) to talk with them about some projects I had in mind. Got dragooned into several staff interviews and four seminars that day and the next. Then the night plane to Indianapolis to be ready to do WLWI-TV the following morning. That went off fine. From there to Detroit to spend the weekend with our wonderful friends Joyce and Maryann (GG). Five or six of the other girls in the area dropped in at various times for visits, counselling, discussions, etc. We had a mad time putting together a circular jig saw puzzle.

Sunday I flew to Pittsburg and then to Harrisburg, Pa., to stay overnight with Lillie and wife 38-H-FPE in their beautiful home. It was snowing all the way from the airport which was kind of fun for a little California chick like me. That was a most pleasant evening full of a lot of questioning, philosophising and speculating as TV sessions usually are. Next day, Monday, December 8th, they took me back to the airport and I flew to Philadelphia. I had three days to kill before being due in Pittsburg and decided to use them in absorbing some American history in Philly. So the next day, like a good little tourist, I took the Greyline and checked out the Liberty Bell, Congress Hall and all the historical sites.

I also stood out in a cold service station telephone booth (for privacy) while I called about every radio and TV station in town. I finally landed an interview on WPEN radio on the Frank Ford show the following night and an appearance on the Jack McKinney show for the following Monday, planning to come back from Cleveland to do it. They agreed to foot the bill for the extra flying fare. Also had a get-together with six or seven of the girls in the Philly area in my hotel room. It's nice to meet face to face people whom you've only known as names or pictures. We had a nice meeting.

Wednesday evening took off for Pittsburg hoping to meet some of the girls in that area, but the weather was not so good and we were delayed leaving Philly so I got to the hotel too late to make connections which was too bad. The next morning I met Dr. Wellman, my psychiatrist friend from New York and companion on various other shows over the years, and we went to KDKA-TV for our interview. I hadn't even been told that he was going to be there so it was a pleasant surprise. The interview went fine and then he and I sat in the lobby for sometime while he taped on a portable recorder some of my ideas about the transexual bit. Then as we were standing in front of the hotel

waiting for the airport bus one of his patients, to whom he had written, rushed up breathless and offered to drive us to the airport. We got into another long discussion on the way to and at the airport since he was one of those planning on surgery and I tried to point out some of the complications and inconsistencies of his plans. He had only dressed and been with other people once—yet he had his mind made up that surgery was the thing!!!!!!????!!!!.

While Dr. W. caught the plane to N.Y., I went to Cleveland and was met by my adopted daughter Debbie 35-K-4 FPE and Cheryl 35-H-7FPE both represented by their brothers. We went to the Sheraton to get me settled and to change from flying clothes to “appearance” clothes and then drove to WKBF-TV to do the Allen Douglas show. I had done it when I was in Cleveland in September and they thought that it was too close to that one to do live so we taped it. Allen and I had a real intellectual battle this time which we both enjoyed. I'd like to get this guy to myself off the air sometime because there isn't time enough to argue out all the points on the short air time. He is a nice guy as is his producer Bill Baker and it's a pleasure to do his show. They kind of regard me as their “find” and didn't want me to do any other shows in the area. Allen has been kind enough to say over the air that I am one of the 10 best guests in the country which is a great compliment as he gets them all.

That evening we had a quick interview with Veronica's brother 35-R-4 FPE so that she could qualify to attend Deltas meeting the next day. She was okayed, she has a wonderful GG, she came to the party and is now a staunch member of Delta. That Delta Christmas party was a joy and one to be remembered for a long time. Although it came on Dec. 13 the same night as Beta and my own Alpha meetings, I could only be in one place and was glad that I'd arranged my schedule so that I could be with the Delta girls. It has been a long pull for this group which is scattered all over Ohio and in the past they sometimes haven't been able to muster enough to make meetings worth while. But what with the two Douglas TV shows and one with him on the radio plus having a couple of bookstores carrying TVia is Cleveland we scared up enough new people to get things off the ground. On top of that there is such a close interaction between some members of the Beta group in Detroit and from several in the Indiana area that they have a real gung-ho group now. Laura 35-S-2 FPE as Counciller and Maryann 35-J-2 FPE as president have pulled together a really grand bunch.

This party was one to be remembered. Debbie and GG Carolyn had just moved in to a big old house on the outskirts of Cleveland. It is about 200 yards back from the road and thus very private. It had snowed quite a little so the view into the woods from all the windows was that of a real "White Christmas". Since they had moved from an apartment into a seven or eight room house and had done so only about 10 days before, they didn't have enough furniture nor rugs for the place and there were still boxes of stuff to be unpacked, curtains to be put up, etc. But they had unpacked the priceless ingredient for a party like that. Their own friendliness and hospitality and the spirit was picked up by all who came even from several hundred miles away such as Diana Joyce 32-H-4 FPE from up Buffalo way and I'il ol' Virginia from a couple of thousand. Debbie and I had stopped and bought a big seven foot Xmas tree on the way down from Cleveland. We chopped off its lower branches to make it fit the holder they had and then made wreaths and sprays from the branches. Our hostesses having only been married the previous year had not acquired any tree decorations and were too busy to bother with any this time. So all of us pitched in and with various kinds of handiwork and painting and cutting and donations of jewelry, corsages, etc. we decorated our own tree. Somebody cut out and painting the individual egg cups from an egg carton to make bells, we popped a container of popcorn and strung that on string, cut the tinfoil from the container into strips for tinsel, painting and cut out various shapes like balls, bells, and triangles of paper or tinfoil, and anything else that we could think of and put it on the tree. The result was a beautiful tree and an old fashioned Christmas before Woolworth and Kress got into the act. I loved the doing and the challenge of it.

We had the usual refreshments, and then our gift circle which everyone enjoyed. I had received a couple of special presents on the trip and I decided to open them there instead of back home. That was my Christmas there with my dear friends, with "our" tree, a white Christmas outside and warm hearts inside. It was so nice. It makes me warm just to write about it and to know that my efforts of the last 10 years have brought me friends like this in most any major city I might go to. Thanks so much to all of you.

While in the hotel in Cleveland I had gotten a phone call from Gisele in Chicago concerning my arrival there and discovered that I'd made a large booboo. I was scheduled to do WLS-TV on Monday nite and I'd thought it was Tuesday when I'd made the arrangements in Philly. So I had to call and cancel that but told them I'd be available Tuesday if they could change it and gave them my hotel in Chicago. So Sunday

I flew to Chicago, was met and stayed overnight with Gisele and GG and had a long evening of discussion and counselling with one of the local couples. Next day into the hotel in Chicago proper so I'd be near the station. While resting a bit before going out there was a phone call and lo and behold Philly still wanted me the next night. So I had to scrounge around for a change of reservations and arrangements. Then to WLS-TV and did the show and was the wind on the two block walk to the station ever cold. California was never like that.

Next day I had lunch with Dr. Walter Alvarez and his secretary, a very fascinating and pleasant experience each time. We could talk for hours but he was busy and I had to catch the airport bus. I got the one I planned on all right but freeway traffic was too much and we weren't even to O'Hare when plane time rolled around. But when we did get to the terminal I ran to the counter and learned that the plane had been delayed so we rushed out to the gate (the porter and I) and managed to make it. Then after all that effort we sit on the ground for 40 minutes before even going out to the runway. This made me late into Philly but I thought I'd allowed plenty of time anyway as I wasn't due in the studio till 10:15 and it was then about 8 p.m. But they hadn't warned me that the studios were in Jenkintown which was about 40 miles from the airport. They don't have buses, only limousines in Philly and the nearest one came to only about 15 miles from the station. So I crowded in and went to Willow Glen and then caught a taxi to Jenkintown and got to the hotel exactly at 10:15 when I was supposed to be in the studio. It was only across the street, however, so I dashed to my room without even registering, changed and ran to the studio. Since I didn't get there till about 10:36 they had already started with the other guest and I had to cool my heels till he got done and I could go on, but I made it and we had a pretty good interview.

Next morning I was driven into downtown Philly where I could catch a cab to the airport. My much appreciated chauffeur was brother to Anita who was our Cover Girl on TVia No. 10 many years ago and whom I hadn't seen for about seven years. Her kindness saved me a lot of time and some money and I made the airport in time. My destination this time was Denver where I was to do the Bill Barker show in KOA-TV. This show had had to be cancelled on the September trip and so I had worked it in on this trip. I was met by the brothers of Maureen 6-J-1 and Betty 6-B-2, two members of the small but active group in Denver. We went to dinner and then to the station. There were two local psychiatrists on the show with me. I had had lunch with them in September and found that we agreed very well on the whole TV-TS scene

as there were in effect three of us and one of Bill Baker. This somewhat set him back as he would like to kind of keep a character like me under control and down where such kooks belong, but it didn't work that way.

We really gave Denver a saturation bombing because after taping the interview on Wednesday night for release on Sunday I got the idea of going to the Rocky Mountain News and seeing if they would like a tie-in feature story. They would and sent a reporter and a photographer out to my motel room the next morning. The reporter did a great job and we got about four full columns of space and pictures out of it. That afternoon I went out to the medical school at the request of one of the doctors who had been on the program with me and gave a seminar to the interns, residents and faculty of the psychiatric department. They were very appreciative and seemed pleasantly surprised that I didn't cover up or excuse any part of my own or TV's lives and just "told it like it is". Candor would appear to be an unusual commodity. Next day we went downtown to one of the big bookstores and found that its proprietor also ran a wholesale operation and we sold him 50 TVias to spread around and had them sent up by air so that they'd be around when those who might have watched the TV interview on Sunday might look for them on Monday. So having done all that I took off for home—three weeks from when I had left. So I hope you'll all understand and excuse the fact that my printing schedule got all fouled up again.

Virginia

* * * *

INEZSQUIB:

There was a TV named Green,
Who invented a body conturing machine.
Concave or convex,
It would fit either sex.
T'was the damndest machine ever seen.



The Denver Girls of FPE

Elaura Ann
6-H-3

Maureen
6-J-1

Marylynn
50-M-1

Virginia
5-P-1

Betty
6-B-2



Our Cleveland Xmas Party

Diana Joyce
32-H-4

Debby
35-K-4

Joan
35-A-3

Jeanette
14-Y-1

Cindy
35-S-4

Sue
35-M-6

Virginia
5-P-4

Veronica
35-R-4

Holly
14-A-4

Joyce
22-C-2

Laurette
55-K-2

Maryann
35-J-2



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

BY

Virginia

I. *CHRISTMAS CARD THANKS:* This is the only way I have of thanking the large number of you who sent me so many lovely cards. They graced my mantelpiece all during the Xmas season. I trust you will all realize that my greetings come to you with each issue of TVia and that there just isn't time to go through the card thing with all of you . . . Particularly when my second PR trip took me away all during December. But I do want you all to know that your thoughts of me at that season were appreciated. It's really heartwarming to know that I have so many friends scattered so far and wide not only here but in other countries. Thank you all again.

II. *THE END OF TEN LONG YEARS:* With this issue of TVia . . . No. 60 we close out ten years of publication . . . a feat that I would never have believed possible in 1960. The next issue No. 61 will be the first in our second decade. It will therefore be changed in several ways. To begin with I'm trying to work out a new cover design, something a bit more modern and not so staid as those from No. 50 to 60. I suppose as usual there will be those that love it and those who will disapprove but it will be more in the spirit of the "do your own thing" times. Not psychedelic but a little different. Although it was nice when we had Cover Girls it was just too much hassle selecting them, getting the pics and stories submitted in time to make the issue and trying not to hurt the feelings of some who wanted "in" but whom I didn't think would make the best public image. So we will continue to have our Leading Lady with a frontispiece and I hope more of you will submit pics and stories for this feature.

Another thing that I am going to have to change in the future is any idea of indicating a month of issue. For example, this issue is marked

December 1969 purely in consistency with former ones, but from here on it will be solely by number. I will still try to get out the six issues per year, but maintaining a calendar schedule is just too difficult. When I threatened to quit after No. 60 (see "Telling It Like It Is" editorial in TVia No. 55) I laid out my feelings and problems and gave some of the reasons why a schedule is impossible now. I hope you will understand and wait patiently. Issues will still come as nearly to a bi-monthly schedule as my time, trips, etc. permit.

III. *PRICE CHANGE*: I am sorry it is necessary, but inflation gets to the printing business as it does to everything else. And like everything else the cost of producing TVia has climbed steadily over the last 10 years. I could absorb it when I had another source of income as I hadn't started this venture for the purpose of making money in the first place. However, now that I don't have any other income any more (10% interest rates on loans and a depressed stock market caused that) I have no choice but to put Chevalier Publications on a business basis instead of being in effect a subsidized hobby as it has been. Thus starting with TVia No. 61 the first issue of our 11th year of publication the price will go to \$5 per issue though No. 60 will still be \$4. This isn't as bad as it seems though because due to increase in the number of characters per line and in the number of pages in the issue there is approximately a 25% increase in content for the 25% increase in price. Back issues will remain at 6 for \$20 for issues prior to the price change. This deal will not include any of No. 61 to No. 66 during 1970 to avoid complications arising from having some of the six on the \$4 and some of the \$5 side. In 1971 when there have been 6 issues of the new series printed, a new back issue deal will be arranged. Speaking of back issues please note the number that we are already out of us as listed in the price list under back orders. Many are gone and many more have only a few left.

IV. *COMBINED PRICE LIST*: For some time now we have had separate price lists for printed material and for merchandise. These have now been combined in one. If you never saw a merchandise price list please check over the last two pages of this issue. Perhaps there are items of merchandise that you didn't know we had.

V. *OFFER TO BUY BACK ISSUES*: Since we have exhausted our supply of a number of back issues and new readers would like to have some of them to complete sets, there is a standing offer to buy back from readers for cash or credit any of the issues listed as being out of stock in the price list at the rate of \$2 per copy if they are in decent condition.

VI. *ADVANCE NOTICE*: As mentioned in No. 59 I am going to try to bring out some more novels and novelettes. The problems of getting illustrations done reasonably has proved too great so they will probably have none. In addition, in order to avoid building more inventory and to make the turn over quick I shall probably only print 300 copies. So this is just warning of my intent so that when you see an announcement of a new story in future issues, *order it then*—don't wait or it will be sold out.

VIRGINIA

FRUSTRATION

Submitted Anonymously

They all rejoiced, were very glad;
The babe had come, a bonnie lad.

He grew for years before he knew
That fate to him had not been true.

The cross he bore was heavy quite,
For he was born a tiny mite.

He yearned for things beyond his reach.
That it was wrong no one could teach.

He grew to manhood caring more
For things he didn't dare explore.

He lived his life as best he could;
The neighbors thought him very good.

He died one day when life was o'er,
But merely stepped through prison's door.



Person to Person

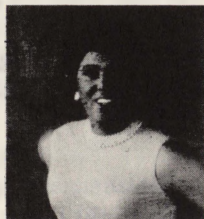
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of **TRANVESTIA**. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT."

Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

- FA-B-1 FPE** Australian, 45 years, new to FPE and with no personal contacts. Will promptly answer letters from TVs anywhere. Hobbies, letter and short story writing. TV literature. **SUSAN**
- 5-C-12 FPE** My "brother" travels throughout areas with Zip Codes 945, 949, 954, 955 and 956. I nearly always accompany "him". Would like to correspond or meet with you. **BEVERLY**
- 24-S-1 FPE** Mississippi College student (humanities and Soc. Sci.). No. Carolina native, 21 wishes to correspond with TVs and other interested in herosexual TVism. Will answer all letters promptly. Particularly interested in TVs in this area. **JULIA**
- 43-G-2** Married TV, 33, presently in service. Wish to correspond with all other TVs, especially others in service. Will answer promptly. **GLENDA**
- 5-W-21** "The Lady That's Known as Lu"
Married, 5 children, California resident, engineer, libertarian, Mensan; interests: athletics, freedom, philosophy. Would enjoy corresponding with other TV os same or divergent interests.



Lulu

PRICE LIST

- "TRANVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.
 Per Issue\$4
 Annual Subscription\$24
- "CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books.
 Single copies \$1.50
 Four copies for \$5
- "TV - TALES" Short stores 16—25 pages. Each \$1.50

SEPARATE BOOKS

- "THE TRANVESTITE AND HIS WIFE" . . . A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand. \$4
- "FATED FOR FEMININITY" . . . Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. illus \$5
- "I AM A MALE ACTRESS" . . . Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. illus \$5
- "THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES" . . . A collection of five short stories involving transvestism. illus \$5
- "CARNIVAL" . . . A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival. illus \$4
- "DOUBLE SWITCH" . . . The head mathematician was a man but not a male. The girl who programmed computers was not. Neither knew the other's story but they found out and found happiness. illus \$3
- "REVERSE SEX" . . . Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous COCCINELLE of Paris. 120 pgs of story 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Imported from England. illus \$4
- "TALES FROM PINK MIRROR" . . . This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. illus. \$4

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

TRANVESTIA Most back issues of the magazine are still available (Except Nos. 1-13, 17, 23-27, 29, 32, 36, 45). Every issue is new until you have read it. Many wonderful stories, articles and pictures are in these issues.

Reduced rate back issues only 6 for \$20.00

CLIPSHEET Back Issues 6 for \$3

FEMMEMIRROR A 16 page monthly newsletter now discontinued but about 30 issues are still available 6 for \$3

(CLIPSHEET and MIRROR back issues can be mixed)

MERCHANDISE

SPECIAL BRA . . . Has inflatable polyvinyl inserts. These are removable, and can be worn in any other bra. Sizes 36-B and 38-B only. Bra extenders can be purchased to make larger sizes if needed. (Extenders not available at Chevalier.) \$5.00

JELLY KIT . . . Ingredients and instructions for making a special jelly to fill inserts. Gives natural flow, softness, weight and bounce of normal breasts. \$5.00

"PRETTI PANTIES" . . . If you like wearing feminine things under pants these are a must. Nylon, lace trimmed, ribbon threaded through lace and bows, AND they have a fly front opening. Comfortable, pretty, and practical. Sizes large and medium. Available in two colors, Sapphire or Jade.

Panties \$5.00

WIGS! NEW REDUCED PRICES

Recent developments in wig manufacture have resulted in lowered prices. We do not stock wigs but can obtain top quality wigs at less than going prices. All human hair.

Machine made (Weft Type) Reg length \$45

Machine made (Weft Type) Extra long \$55

Full hand-tied wig \$85

These prices are for unstyled wigs alone. For a styled wig on a plastic head in plastic case and including shipping charges add to the above \$15. Send color, sample and picture or drawing of style.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS

BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

Publication Policy

TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, case histories, poems, pictures--all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than 2/3 of a page which will count as one page. Payment will be made after material appears in print. Manuscripts will not be bought in advance.
2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
3. Off-color material will not be printed and should therefore not be submitted. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of suitability and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed to be in the best interest of the magazine.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for at least 5 issues and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for five or more issues. Acceptance is dependent upon approval of an application form and by a personal interview with the applicant's area councillor. Members of FPE need no further application for use of the Person to Person service and may do so by simply paying the regular fee.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted.

Ask for rates.



©Copyright 1969 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
Box 36091 - Los Angeles, California 90036

All Rights Reserved.
No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.